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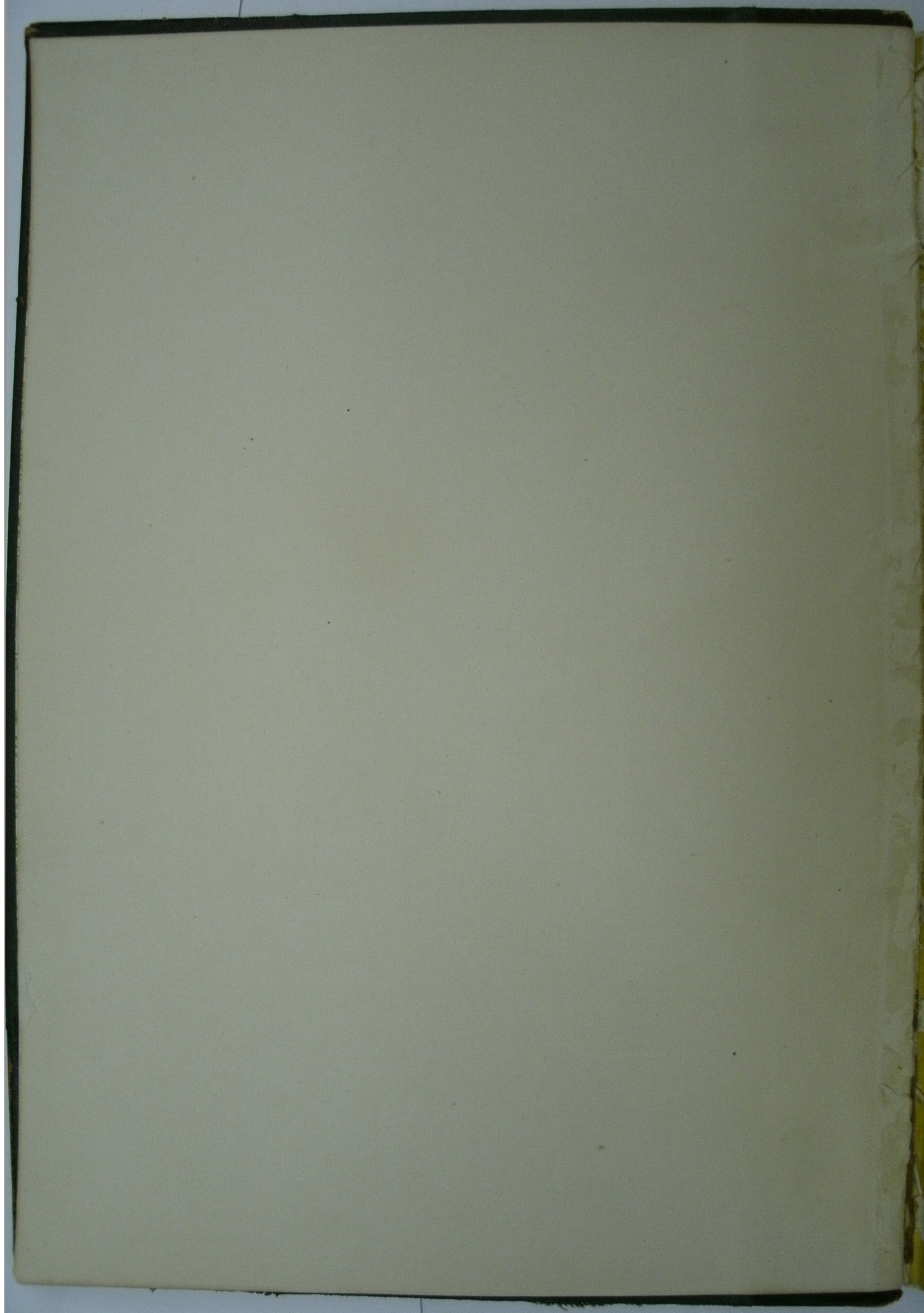
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[REPRINT OF EDITORIAL IN SALINA UNION, MARCH 3, 1899.]

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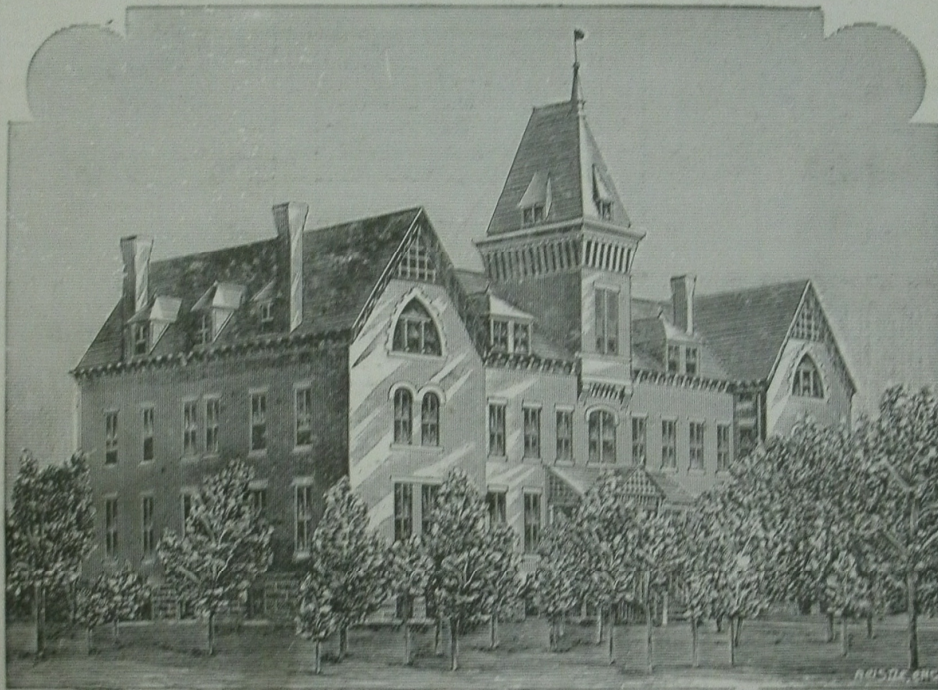
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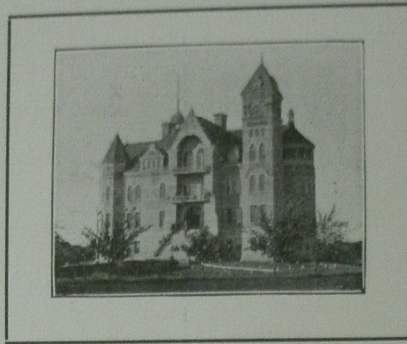
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NO. I.

MAY 1900.

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## NATURE IN THE POETRY OF WORDSWORTH AND SHELLEY.

BY MAUDE PRESCOTT '94.

THE poetry of Wordsworth and Shelley marks a new epoch in the development of English verse. Owing to the conventionality of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth centuries, the real spirit of nature was too often lost sight of. Poets either failed to go below its surface, or else having penetrated its meaning; they sacrificed all its grandeur and beauty to stately and high-sounding verse. Nature poetry was consequently stiff and unreal, and lacked spontaneity. Coming down to more modern times, when the spirit of the individual has asserted itself, we find a very different treatment of nature. Wordsworth and Shelley take nature as they find it in all its simplicity, and give it to us with a faithfulness which brings us into sympathy with its spirit.

Both Wordsworth and Shelley were keenly sensitive to the influence of nature, yet we find the attitudes of these two poets toward it very different. To Wordsworth nature furnishes the philosophy of life. However deverse the moods of man are, to him nature is always the same, and he tunes his own life to harmonize with it. The moral code which regulates his whole existence he draws from nature. Even in his childhood he seems to have been conscious of its significance. He says,

“My heart leaps up when I behold  
A rainbow in the sky;  
So was it when my life began  
So is it now I am a man.”



We may see how solemn and how deep were these childish impressions, for in his later days he recalls with exquisite tenderness in some lines "To a Butterfly," the picture of his early days:

"Much converse do I find in thee  
 Historian of my infancy  
 Thou bringst, gay creature as thou art  
 A solemn image to my heart  
 My father's family."

This power of association which objects in nature had for him is shown again in a little poem, "To the Cuckoo":

"The same whom in my school-boy days I listened to,  
 And thou wert still a hope, a love,  
 Still longed for, never seen."

The key-note to his feeling for nature is here struck, in that longing for something beyond his reach. He recognizes a reflection of the supreme good in nature, a something unattainable which he is always striving after and this very effort seems to refine and purify his soul.

"Even yet thou art to me,  
 No bird, but an invisible thing,  
 A voice, a mystery."

Wordsworth's love for nature does not arise from a sensuous enjoyment of it. He never revels in a scene for its mere beauty. He goes below the surface and seeks the soul of nature; and in this hidden spirit he finds a truth and beauty which are never failing.

"To me the meanest flower that grows can give,  
 Thought that do often lie two deep for tears."

In a sonnet "To the Brook" he says:

"If I some type of thee did wish to view—  
 Thee, and not thyself, I would not do  
 Like Grecian artists, give the human cheeks,  
 Channels for tears; no Naiad should'st thou be.  
 It seems the eternal soul is clothed in thee,  
 With purer robes than those of flesh and blood  
 And hath bestowed on thee a better good."



Out of door nature afforded as much pleasure and companionship to Wordsworth as did the people about him. It formed a world for him of which he was a part. He never looks at nature from an outsider's standpoint, but as something to which he himself belonged. In a second poem "To a Butterfly" he shows how tenderly he loved the objects of nature, as much as he could care for a human friend.

"This plot of orchard ground is ours,  
Here rest your wings when they are weary;  
Here lodge as in a sanctuary,  
Come often to us, fear no wrong."

This same feeling of tenderness and sacredness for nature is shown in another poem on "Nutting," where after telling how he had ravaged the trees and branches which "patiently gave up their quiet being," he says:

"I felt a sense of pain when I beheld  
The silent trees and the intruding sky."

There is something ineffably calm and soothing in Wordsworth's poetry which is the result of his close sympathy with nature. It breathes of rest and quiet. A poem written upon the Thames illustrates this fact.

"O glide, fair stream for ever so,  
Thy quiet soul on all bestowing;  
Till all our minds forever flow,  
As thy deep waters now are flowing."

The peace and solemnity of the following lines are awe inspiring:

"It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,  
The holytime is quiet as a nun  
Breathless with adoration, the broad sun  
Is sinking down in its tranquillity,  
The gentleness of heaven is on the sea."

With Wordsworth, as we have seen, nature was a kind of religion in which he found the perfection of his ideals. It was full of sacred meaning to him and he had a great reverence for it. Shelley's attitude is very different. He does not approach nature with Wordsworth's awe and reverence. There is more sub-



jectivity in Shelley. It is the passionate soul of the poet which stands out in the nature here. He does not seek to harmonize his own life with the spirit of nature but rather to bring nature into sympathy with his own mood. Shelley, no less than Wordsworth, comprehends the greatness and mystery of nature, and he feels himself no less a part of nature-life than does Wordsworth. Shelley, however, is a part of nature as he is a part of the world, and to him it has its material side. He finds in it the same strong passions which are in his own nature, only much more grand and powerful. In nature this human element reaches a grandeur and majesty which make it awe-inspiring and full of mystery. The ode to "To the West Winds" shows how completely Shelley blended the spirit of nature into sympathy with his own human nature.

"Wild spirit, which art moving everywhere,  
 Destroyer and preserver; hear, O hear,  
 Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is,  
                     Be thou, spirit fierce,  
 My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!  
 Scatter my words among mankind,  
 Be thro' my lips to awakened earth,  
 The trumpet of a prophecy."

The unrest and discontent of these lines contrast strongly with the quiet restfulness of Wordsworth's poetry. The same impetuosity characterizes Shelley's poem called "The Cloud." As a piece of artistic work it equals, perhaps, anything of Wordsworth's, but the spirit of it is very different and reflects again the restless soul of the poet.

"I sift the snow on the mountain below,  
 And their great pines groan aghast,  
 And all the night 'tis my pillow white;  
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast;  
 Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,  
 Lightning, my pilot sits;  
 In a cavern under is fatted the thunder,  
 It struggles and howls in fits."

In the closing lines it is the voice of the destroyer which speaks:

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"When the winds and sunbeams,  
With their convex gleams,  
Build up the dome of air,  
I arise and unbuild it again."

As we have said, Shelley is always subjective. Even impetuous natures, however, have moments of calm and reflection and some lines written in "Dejection" voice a different mood.

"The sun is warm, the sky is clear,  
The waves are dancing fast and bright;  
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear  
The purple moon's transparent night;  
Like many a voice of one delight—  
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,  
The city's voice itself is soft like solitude's."

In most of Shelley's poetry, unlike Wordsworth's there is a strongly sensuous quality. We may compare the odes to "The Skylark" of the two poets. Wordsworth loves the skylark because it is an emblem of sublimity—"type of those who soar but never roam," Shelley's poem appeals strictly to the senses, to the enjoyment of color, sight and sound. We find this sensuous element very marked again in "The Sensitive Plant," Shelley's description of the different flowers here is full of fancy and beautiful coloring. The garden is a fairy bower in whose "pavilions of tender green" we breathe delicious scents; we listen to the "music so delicate, soft and intense," which the hyacinth "flings from its bells;" our eyes are delighted with exquisite coloring, for the sinuous paths are

"All paved with daisies and delicate bells,  
As fair as the fabulous asphodels,  
And flowerets, which, drooping as day droopt too,  
Fell into pavilions, white, purple and blue,  
To roof the glow-worm from the evening dew."

Shelley has done more here however, than to give us a temporary, sensuous pleasure. Behind all the beautiful flowers is the spirit which lovingly watches over them,—the beautiful lady, she dies, the plants wither and fade and the garden is a leafless wreck. And here is emphasized the one



great teaching of all Shelley's poetry, that nature and its truths can never die nor fade away. He says:

"Death itself must be,  
Like all the rest, a mockery,  
That garden sweet, that lady fair,  
In truth have never past away ;  
And all sweet shapes and odors there ;  
'Tis we, 'tis ours are changed, not they,  
For love and beauty and delight  
There is no death nor change ; their might,  
Exceeds our organs which endure,  
No light, being themselves obscure."

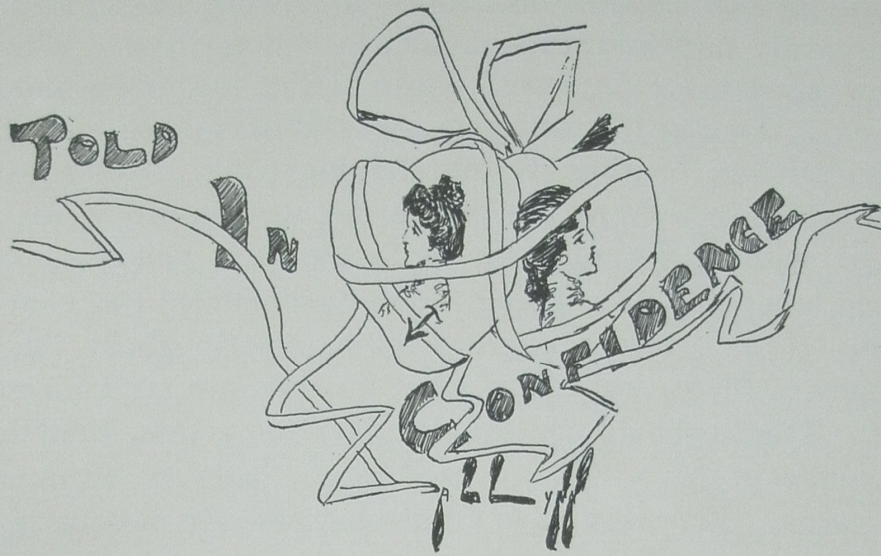
We find repeatedly in Shelley this same conviction of the immortality of nature. In some lines written at Rome he says:

"Rome has fallen, ye see it lying  
Heapt in undistinguished ruin ;  
Nature is alone undying."

The great charm in the nature-poetry of both Wordsworth and Shelley, lies in the joy offered to us in nature. They transcend the unworthiness and littleness of life and its temporality and lead our minds to rest upon the beauty and grandeur and truth of nature which is alone everlasting.







BY EMILY BELLEVILLE PUTNAM '93.

COME, Elizabeth, draw up here by the fire. It is always a bride's privilege, you know, to inflict upon her friends all that is in her mind the night before her 'bridal morn'. That pile of shimmering satin on the bed and the transformation the donning of it will make in my whole life, furnishes food for serious reflection. It is rather a solemn thought that these are my last hours of girlhood, and I presume tears are in order, but I cannot see why a girl should weep just because she is going to be married, especially, when she is going to have a husband like John. He was always such a good fellow and since I have had him in training, he has grown quite adorable.

"I have known John almost since the days of perambulators and sandpiles and mud-pies. When we went to school, John always carried my books, and how he used to avenge my wrongs,—such fights for my sake and his aggrandizement! And when we went fishing, it was always John who baited my hooks and performed the offices necessary to insure good luck. Why, he always chose me for 'his pardner' to supper and 'dropped the handkerchief' behind me at all our childish surprise parties. Yes, John and I were always good friends if we did have some quarrels and exciting arguments.



"Then he went away to college and I did not see him again until he had finished his course, and when he came back, I was really surprised at the dignity he had attained. Why, his very appearance suggested Plato, Epictetus, ethics and such things. During the next year, we did have such jolly times with driving, boating, tennis and bicycling. And then one day when we were on the piazza, he just spoiled it all. As usual with just-graduated, self-important, young manhood, when he gets to discoursing, John monopolized the conversation. He said several pages, I think, mostly about the philosophy of Plato, but this is what melted into my understanding: 'Reason should control every human action. All the unhappiness in this world is caused by the inability of humanity to reason. Marriage is a failure because the actions of people are not founded upon reason. Any two people can live happily together if they keep this principle in mind. Absolute truthfulness and direct reasoning from it, form the only firm foundation for happiness.' And he was so impressed with the force of his logic that he did not notice my narrow escape from falling out of the hammock in my surprise, and when I had recovered my composure, he was pacing the floor with his hands in his pockets, that symptom of nervousness generally mistaken for deep thought.

"Now, I knew that John loved me, and of course, I had always loved him. I had often listened to his views on the 'power of reason' but its application to matrimony was something new and startling, so I said to myself, 'Margaret Langley, here is your mission in life, to teach this misguided youth the truths that all his college training has failed to do—the part that the emotions of the heart play in our lives.'

"Suddenly, John turned and broke in upon my reflections with, 'Say, Margaret, suppose we try it. You are a nice, sensible girl, in fact, you are the only woman I ever knew that seemed to be a reasonable being. Don't think that I mean to flatter you. I believe we would be happier than most married couples because there is no silly sentiment about us. Will you try it with me?' Now wasn't that business like?



I felt as though a bucket of cold water had descended upon me, but I managed to say feebly, 'Do you mean that for a proposal of marriage?'

" 'Yes,' John said, 'I mean, Margie, that I will be a good husband to you, if you will give me the chance, and I will try to make you happy.'

"There was such a perceptible softening of the voice as John said the last few words that I knew his wasn't a hopeless one, and so I said as quietly as I could, for there was a violent thumping going on in the cardiac regions, 'Yes, John, if you wish it.' What else could I do? It would have been downright suicide to have deserted him then in the fullness of his ignorance. He turned to me and with a courtly manner that would have done justice to his powdered, knickerbockered, slippered forefathers, said; 'Thank you for the honor you have conferred upon me, Margaret. I appreciate it, I assure you, perhaps, more than I can make you understand.'

"But do you know what that man said afterwards? I cannot realize that my John was ever so rude. If I had not felt that the happiness of two lives was involved, I should have given up all my good resolutions of missionary work right there. But it shows how a theory may be distorted when one makes a hobbyhorse of it. I suppose John must have seen by my face that I did not consider the compact sealed, for he said in a blundering way, mistaken for tact, I suppose. 'You need not fear any such action from me, Margaret, for it is not reasonable. Kissing is a barbarous custom which in this age of knowledge and understanding, ought to be abandoned, and it will be, when the philosophy of reason is thoroughly established.'

"What did I say then? What was there for me to say, my dear? I think that if he had not brought his call to a close within fifteen minutes, I would have had hysterics or nervous prostration right then and there. I raced up stairs as if for my life and after a good cry and much reflection, I was more than ever convinced that a mission was before me, and that I had a lesson to teach Mr. John Kimber Merton.





"I just wrote to Cousin Frank—you remember Frank Willis who spent one summer with us?—and insisted that he visit us.

"Well, the next time that John called, there was, naturally, a little constraint between us at first, but after we drifted into a friendly chat, we were soon on our old equal footing. John was always kind and friendly, but even the most love-blinded maiden could not detect anything loverlike in his manner.

"Then Frank came and the next day while we were driving, we met John on the street and I wish that you could have seen his face when I introduced them. It was a study. The following day when



John called, Frank and I were wheeling, and again when he came, we were off playing tennis. Sunday afternoons John always spent with me, and so, the next Sunday, I told Jane that Frank and I were going for a walk. This discipline was a necessary part of the lesson but was a little hard on me, I thought, as I went to my room to get ready. I sat by the window, wishing I had my book, which with my handkerchief I had left lying on my favorite seat under the trees on the lawn, when I saw John come in at the gate. I heard Jane tell him I was walking, and I saw him going down the walk, and was just feeling some resentment because he did not show more disappointment, when he paused in front of my chair, looked cautiously around, and then, that apostle of reason took up my handkerchief, put it in his breastpocket, and walked on in a deep study. Now wasn't that dear of him? I suppressed a desire to call him back, but I am afraid I danced around the room in a very indecorous manner for the prospective wife of a reasonable man. But you see it had been pretty hard for me to hurt the dear boy's feelings, as I knew I was, in neglecting him for Frank, and when I saw John take my handkerchief, I could see the end of my road.

"The next day, a box was left at the door and when I opened it, there lay a bunch of great American Beauty roses and John's card on top. Think of it! After arguing, that for a young man to squander money on bon bons that produce dyspepsia, and flowers that perish, for a young woman (John always called us women in place of ladies), was unreasonable to a degree, and put the relations of the sexes on an unnatural plane. Then to be sending me American Beauties at a dollar each! Do you wonder that, to use a commercial phrase, my stock went up at once?

"You know a woman likes to say, 'I told you so'! and I still feel proud of myself, that I resisted the temptation to rebuke John for being so sentimental as to send me the flowers. Instead, I wrote him a nice, businesslike note of thanks, and when he came that evening, I wore some of the roses in my belt.



"Frank also spent the evening with us, and I think John learned his best lesson then, for you know what a gallant fellow Frank is, and how well he can say and do all the polite nothings that mean so much to a girl. If he had been in my secret, he could not have played his part better, for never before had he paid me more delicate attentions,—just in the way you would like your brother to act, you know, if he only would. And John looked on in such a surprised way but was not a bit contemptuous, as I feared he would be. When John left, he looked so unhappy as he said goodnight that I came near running out into the hall after him, but when I got there, I would just put my arms around him and kiss him, and that would never do. My pupil was not far enough advanced for that yet.

"But by the next afternoon, he had made rapid strides. It was a little cool and I was feeling headachey and blue and as though perhaps, I would better let John teach me reason, than to try to teach him love. I had a little fire in the library and had on a red house-gown. You know, there must be a touch of barbarism in most men, they all seem to like bright colors. I am glad I have the black eyes and hair that go so well with red, for John likes it so much. That day, I think, put the finishing touch on his education for he just stood and looked at me a moment, and then took me in his arms.

"Really, after he had got to that point, he needed no more instruction; you would have thought that he had made love all his life. When I could get my breath, I looked up through my tears and whispered, 'John, I am afraid this isn't reasonable. I am sure Plato wouldn't act this way.'

"'Plato be hanged'! ejaculated John, hugging me like a nice, big bear. 'He's nothing but a mouldy old memory, but if he were here he would be sure to try to act the same way, and then he'd get his head broken. I have been an idiot all the time and you have borne it like an angel, but if you will forgive me, I will make up for it now, and I will never mention Plato to you again, never.'



"That is the end of my story, Elizabeth, my dear, but it was the beginning of my happiness, and if John only makes as ideal a husband as he has a lover, I can ask no more; and if I find any more rough corners in his disposition, I believe I can help him smooth them off without him knowing it.

"And now, my dear maid-of-honor, say goodnight to Margaret Langley for the last time, and go away for your beauty sleep. And, mind, when you need any advice in your love affairs, you may safely trust in the perspicacity of one who will, within a few hours be the happiest bride in all this big, beautiful world.'"



## WHEN ?

BY R. P. CRAVENS.

WHEN summer winds have passed away  
 And summer birds have ceased to sing;  
 When merry children go to play,  
 No more, as was their wont in Spring,  
 'Tis then we think of things to come,  
 The future state and every thing.

When days grow short and nights grow long  
 And flowers and grass grow not at all;  
 When wild geese to the South do throng  
 And falling leaves denote the Fall,  
 'Tis then we think of life misspent  
 And vainly strive youth to recall.

When life and love have both grown old  
 And gone the way that all things go;  
 When hearts once true have all grown cold,  
 Oh, may it be my lot to know  
 That one dear heart of all the world  
 Will still exclaim, "I love you so."



## THE IDES OF MARCH.

BY KATHERINE ADDISON GEMMILL '96.

A PRACTICAL litany for Kansas," said the Spectator seriously, "is, 'Good Lord deliver us from the fury of the ides of March.'" This came very unexpectedly from the Spectator who has quite a reputation for occupying his pew only on Sunday, and his audience who readily confuse the words Canaan and Kansas drew near expectantly to hear some new enormity of the promised land.

"From going to and fro in the earth, I came, by the greatest accident to a plain of great promise stretching forth in all directions, just in time to be a guest at her greatest blowout. For this, now that it has elapsed, I shall never cease to be thankful, as my experience in one night was more eventful than centuries elsewhere."

The Spectator is a man of humors. His descriptions are sometimes too minute to be artistic, but he has a great knack at collecting facts and presenting them in a most interesting manner.

He drew from his pocket some carefully prepared statistics which invariably precede all story-telling, and read:

"Kansas may indeed claim great antiquity. The dust settled there in prehistoric times and has held its ground with permanence—and that is a lost art among later settlers. Although of the soil, they were not an agricultural people but nomadic, tending to aggressive up-risings. After a lapse of centuries, a new people very hostile to the earlier element, took possession of this plain, and although the primitive race was soon under its feet, to this day there are frequent uprisings that put many to flight."

"If there is anything in Kansas more variable than her climate, it is her politics and fashions. There it frequently happens between dawn and sunset, that the entire predictions for the year have transpired in regular order, and again with



some alterations. It is the broad field for ambitious weather prophets. Although it is discouraging to see a schedule of three hundred and sixty-five days enacted in twelve hours, he will never fail in this profession if he is only ingenious enough to catalogue a sufficiently large variety of atmospheric inclinations.

"The year is divided into two great divisions, getting into flannels and getting out. The length of the sojourn therein is of too short duration to have length. Changing of head dress is reckoned by the month, as millinery is the highest thing one can wear, and there is no trust there.

"Subject to such fitful humors of nature, people have become as whimsical as the weather.

"Kansas has no remarkable depressions unless the depressions of her citizens, or noteworthy elevations, unless those produced by the wind which is continually skirmishing about those parts. If there is a blow it comes from Kansas."

The Spectator, having given his notes, proceeded to more interesting details. He is a great observer, this old man, and never lives through an event without making it live through him.

"The old soothsayer's warning, 'Beware the Ides of March,' had no significance for me until I lived through them. They brought Cæsar his death blow, yet after two thousand years of shifting succession they are still dealing in blows.

"It was in getting out of flannel season, and straw hats were making their first appearance when I arrived in Kansas and took lodging in quite a substantial looking dwelling-house. The first evening after a promising sunset and enjoying the tranquil air of twilight, I retired like all other unsuspecting mortals, to a pleasant night's rest with no thought of the morrow.

"The first part of the night may have passed peacefully, I did not lie awake to observe, but at midnight I was aroused by the violent rocking of my bed. Knowing I had passed the cradle stage and that I had not taken passage for any port, I lay very much puzzled through a repetition of these



lurches which I knew would ultimately terminate in my expulsion, if I did not prevent such measures. I leaped out of bed, pulled back the curtain and with great apprehension looked from the window. As far as I could see the whole world was in convulsions. Then came a momentary lull more significant than the most demonstrative eloquence. Relieved to think this spasmodic attack had passed, I was about to withdraw when around the house came the greatest array of cans and buckets I had ever seen on the march. They recalled to me that famous tenth legion of glorious memory. I at once surmised the origin of this country's name, canned sass, and finally Kansas.

"The front gate swung obligingly too and fro to allow, all those of this mutinous band which could not climb the fence, a clear passage and then followed up the rear. It was the first breeze I had ever seen with a gait of its own.

"These gusts were followed by serene moments when everything alighted and humbled itself in the dust. I had never seen the wind with such taking airs. It was not surprising that it was attended by such a host of retainers.

"Hearing no unusual commotion within, I kept a vigilant eye on the dark side of life not being so sure the house was founded upon a rock, but rather upon a rocker."

These biblical terms are but a recent addition to the Spectator's vocabulary.

"There was deviltry in those breezes, yet I cannot deny they were somewhat elevating. Another glance revealed, what I afterward learned to be the garden hose rising in gigantic circles like a huge serpent. For a moment I feared I had fallen a victim to that most repulsive of diseases—delirium tremens, but being of temperate habits, I remembered the man of the house had the appearance of nosing in glasses and no doubt this was one of his charmers. There is a certain uncanniness in viewing snakes by moonlight, especially one of such lengthy dimensions and apparently so active. Eve could never have got around one of this length.

"The household still slumbered and slept and not wishing to arouse them, in fact, not being sure that I could if this



upheaval of the earth did not. I began searching in my grip-sack for my prayer-book which has never traveled much. I had no idea that the old perilous Ides were still observed or I should have remained where my prayer-book was within easy reach. Being a man of resources I composed quite an effective litany of my own, and began imploringly, 'Good Lord deliver us from the fury of the Ides of March.' This however seemed to have no calming effect and I was forced to continue, this time with increased fervency, 'From this airy something that cometh upon us with such violence, spare us good Lord.' The shutter which had been swinging to and fro without latching now came to with such force that the curtain ran up to the top, letting in a ghastly moon-glare which put a worse light on the subject.

"Losing faith in the effectiveness of these feeble petitions, I crawled under the bed to await results. At length, fully persuaded that my safety lay in being calm I soon fell into a troubled sleep. When I awoke I was much surprised at the narrow limits of my apartment, but becoming convinced that I was under the bed, wondered how I had got on the wrong side. I crawled out with much difficulty leaving enough scarf-skin to delight a taxidermist.

"Wind is not so fearful a thing in daytime. The first thing that greeted my ears was the most discordant sound of the same old air with as many accidental flats. The earth looked picturesque in the dusty gloom of dawn. Dusty clouds extending from the horizon laped at the zenith. The trees resembled burden bent-fugitives in perpetual flight. Throughout the landscape denudation was perceptible. All out of doors was flying high.

"I set about making arrangements for an immediate departure. Free transportation was one of the advantages of the Ides, but being a man of modest aspirations, I had no ambition to rise in the world in any such conspicuous manner.

"Thus the evening and the morning were the first day and I have heard that the entire Ides were celebrated by just such blowouts."

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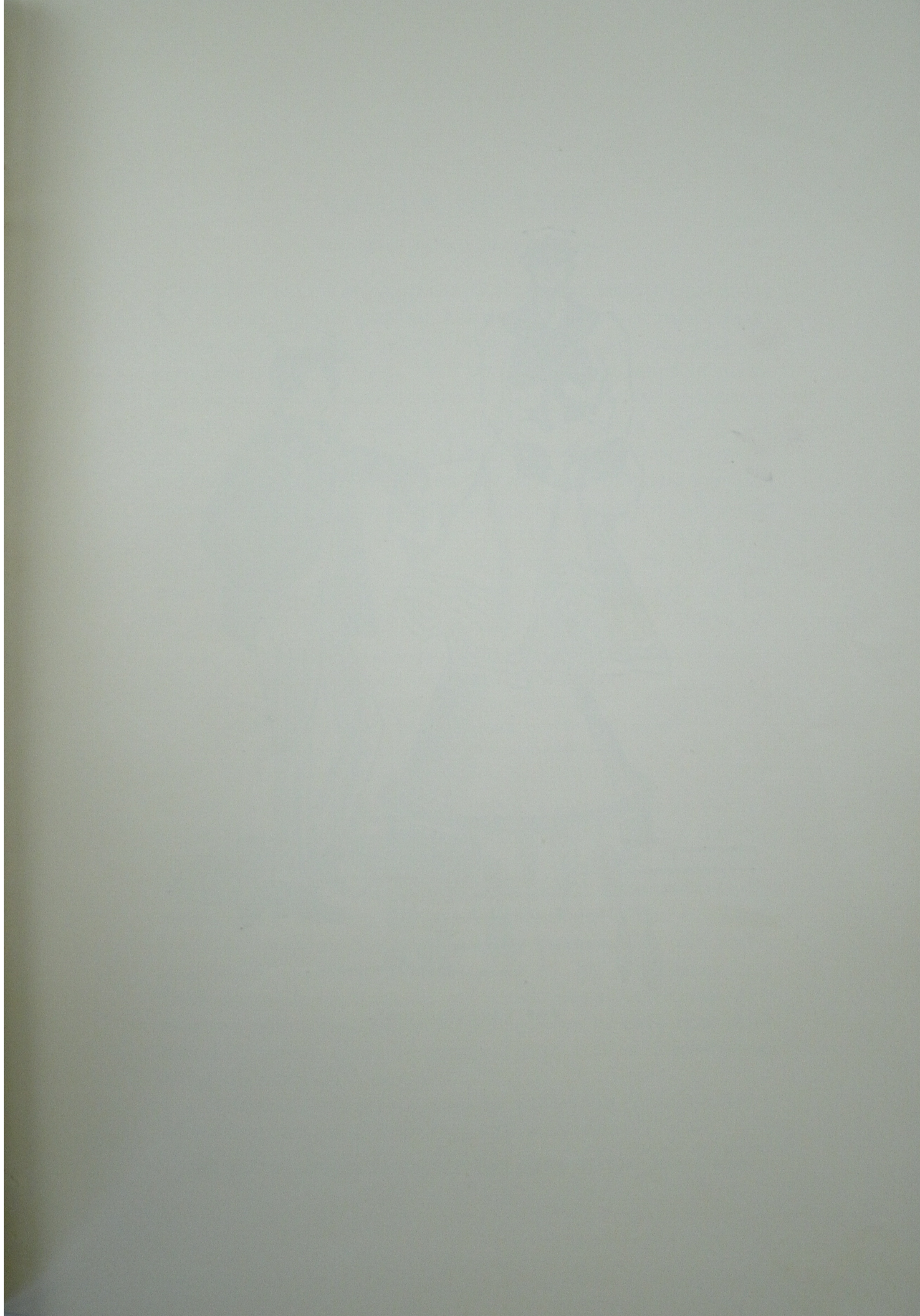
Down the street and o'er the prairies came the breath from Vulcan's bellows, came the leaves from many shade trees, came the cans from many ash-piles, came the hats and came the dresses from the men and of the ladies, came the dust in raging billows, came with fury like a demon, came the curses of a nation, came confusion worse confounded, came from streets, backyards and alleys.

Till the land of happy Kansas, till the home of many people filled with anger at his coming, as he trod upon her household, tread with dusty tracks upon it, tread with wrathful steps around it, tearing, smashing, crashing, lashing all the shutters, doors and windows, till they fell disabled—helpless.

Then he took them in his clutches, bore them swiftly o'er the prairie to the buffalo grass beyond us, to the land of gentle zephyrs. And we bid him hasten, hasten, spare our lives but take our dwelling, spoil our crops but leave us standing, give us rest for we be weary, for we languish, die and perish in the happy land of Kansas, in the greatest state united, in the paradise of sinners.











THE YACHTING GIRL.



## SMILES OF LIFE.

BY MISS JEANE MARTIN, '99.

OFTEN have I awakened with lingering memories of some sweet dream playing indistinctly o'er my mind, making me almost believe myself in another world or in some amaranthine bower of bliss. But the murmuring notes of music from some industrious minstrel of nature made me understand that the curtained shades of night were giving way at the approach of early dawn, and I have aroused from my slumbers and walked forth to see the sun rise in all his majestic splendor, throwing rays of golden light softly and gently on all things around. First trembling on the tall church spires which appear like golden fingers pointing silently, yet eloquently toward Heaven; then creeping on and on over the city until all are awakened, and start out to mingle in the busy hum of life.

“O Sun! what fountain hid from human eyes,  
Supplies thy circle round the radiant skies;  
Forever burning and forever bright,  
With Heaven's pure fire and everlasting light?  
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,  
The cedar top and hills seem burnished gold.”

We are apt at such moments as this to think or perhaps forget that aught could o'er-shadow an orb of such dazzling brilliancy. But ere it has reached its noonday elevation, a cloud may appear and the muttering sound of distant thunder, which every moment grows more distinct, is heard. Darkness o'er shadows the brightness of the noonday sun and a tempest is breaking around us in all its maddening fury. Dark and ominous it looks, and a sensation of fear creeps over us as we watch the lightning leaping from its dark bosom followed by terrific peals of thunder; that roll in fearful tones along the ethereal concave.

These are fair representations of life, and contain a lesson of wisdom that all should learn and understand.

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The sweet soft light of the glorious morning represents the bloom and beauty of youth surrounded by kind and loving friends. The dream of sorrow throws a shadow o'er the mind, but flowers of pleasure are ever drooping from hopes dewy wing. Then comes the storm cloud in the shape of shattered fortunes and bitterly do we feel its power if we have not been rightly trained and fitted for every change in life.

But hope, sweet and undying hope comes to our rescue and at last the storm cloud passes away. Once again the sun shines forth in majestic splendor, thus creating an earthly paradise, filling the whole of life's pathway with flowers of beauty, where we may revel in perpetual joy; and where scenes of love, beauty and kindness shall forever grow purer and brighter.

When in the midst of a busy day, the attentive care of a guardian angel throws some flowers of joy in the thorny way of life, we thankfully gather them up, a cheerful thrill quivers through our hearts, like the melody of an Æolian harp, but the earnest duties of life soon claim our attention and care. The melodious thrill dies away and we must go, every fibre of our hearts intent upon the duties of the day.

But when the work of the day is completed and, after a few moments the stress of the mind subsides, then the heart again claims its right, and the tender fingers of our memory once more gather up the violets of joy which the guardian angel threw in our way and we look upon them with great gladness and cherish them as favored gifts in our pathway of pleasures. These are smiles of life.





## WEALTH OF THE PHILIPPINES.

BY WILLIAM E. GEORGE.

THE Philippine Islands, named after King Philip II, of Spain, seem likely to have more history in the next few years than they have had in the last three centuries. I dare say that there is scarcely a place on earth, perhaps, where the forces of civilization have moved so slowly as over these remote islands. Nowhere else, probably, is there so rich a storehouse of undeveloped resources impatiently waiting to yield their treasures and unbounded wealth to modern enterprise. To see how extraordinarily slow the growth of these islands has been, let us recall a little history. In 1519 Magellan sailed from Spain on his last and most famous voyage. This voyage ended with the discovery of the Philippines, and his death in battle with hostile natives; only one of his five ships was to return to Spain, bringing back eighteen of the two hundred and sixty men who started with the expedition, thus winning historical renown as the first circumnavigators of the globe. In 1565, Spaniards crossed the Pacific from Mexico to settle in the eastern islands. Six years later Manila was founded, and has for more than three centuries been the capital of the Philippine Islands.

While civilization has fought its battles, and won its triumphs in America, in Asia, and in Africa, and in the islands of the sea, the Philippines are little changed, from the days when the King of Cebu came down to Magellan to be baptized into the Christian church.

One certainly can not make the excuse that the islands are not worth developing. Their natural resources are unquestionably great, probably are not surpassed by those of any other territory of equal area. It is only through the paralyzing influence of Spanish colonial policy, that they are today found in such an unprogressive state. Those who have been to the Philippines, can testify that the soil is of extra-

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ordinary fertility and tropical trees, plants or vegetables will there thrive. There is one valuable product, peculiar to the Philippines—Manila hemp, the fiber of a specie of banana. One hundred thousand tons are exported annually, the United States alone taking nearly one-half, which is made into ropes and cables.

The present method of cultivating and preparing the hemp is described as quite primitive. It sells for about sixty dollars per ton, and its use I suppose might be greatly extended, if its production could be cheapened. There is a chance here for some enterprising and inventive American.

Besides hemp are sugar and tobacco. The sugar cane industry the world over, seems to be quite seriously threatened by beet sugar, but in the Philippines, where the cane grows in great richness, large profits have been made by Spanish planters and no doubt can still be made. Manley R. Sherman, a former American resident of Manila, relates through the New York Sun, that he has known of plantations clearing three hundred dollars per acre in one year. The Negrito or Philipino, gets from five to ten cents per day for cultivation, and nature, we might say does the rest. There is abundant room for introducing some of our modern machinery.

Ox-carts are used for transportation, and oxen for plowing. I have actually seen planters using a bent stick or a prod with an iron point for a plow. Think of having the cane crushed by several hundred men with clubs, when simple machinery would do it much better, more quickly, and hundreds of times cheaper.

For the Philippine tobacco, it is claimed that it has no equal. Cigars and cigarettes are everywhere in the Philippines, in the mouths of men and women alike, and of children.

The manufacture of cigars and cigarettes is the chief industry of Manila. About eight years ago, when Weyler was Captain-General of the islands, his two brothers came out from Spain, and under a special concession, established a large cigar factory in the suburbs of Binondo. It is said to have made them millions.

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The following instance is indicative that coffee can be raised advantageously on the Island of Luzon. There was a coffee plantation a good many years ago at the northern end of Luzon. A few of the seeds were scattered over the surrounding country, by birds and animals, and the soil proved so suitable, that the plants have gradually spread over that part of Luzon. The natives gather thousands of pounds of berries from these volunteer bushes. But comparatively little is being done in the way of cultivating coffee for the market.

Rice is a crop that yields very extensively on the islands, since it was introduced in a primitive way, by the heathen Chinese.

The cocoanut tree is the native's most valued possession, almost his staff of life, furnishing him with food, wine, oil, vinegar, fuel, rope and I believe, fishing lines, as well as the fiber that is woven into cloth. But it takes several years for the tree to come into bearing, though a properly planted grove a native tells me, will yield two or three hundred dollars an acre.

Other fruits, the orange, the lemon, the guava, the pineapple, the banana grow wild in the Philippine woods.

Evidently agriculture is by no means the only source of possible wealth in the islands. There are vast areas of almost virgin forests, full of trees of the most valuable kind—including, ebony, teak, sandal, saffron, camphor, mahogany, bamboo, and numerous others of value.

As for mining I am not posted, but its possible future development is an interesting subject for speculation.

Gold is the world's desire, meanwhile the Spaniards in their three centuries of rule have done nothing to develop the mineral wealth of the island, which is evidently great. It is known that gold was found in Luzon and exported to China. Frank Karuth, a member of the Royal Geographical Society, says, "that there is not a brook that finds its way into the Pacific Ocean whose sand and gravel do not pan the color of gold." Along the western coast of Luzon the natives and Chinese have been washing out the yellow dust for years.



With the earth so thoroughly exploited as it is today, how is it that in a group of islands known to Europeans for nearly three centuries and a half that the fortune-seeker has so disregarded them.

Some tropical islands are fair to look upon, and rich in resources, but deadly to the stranger who pitches his tent upon them. Not so in the Philippines; they are not one of the spots that nature has marked as a white man's grave. They have their fierce sun, and their drenching rains, like other lands near the equator, but my opinion is they are not unhealthy, indeed, there are few healthier places between the tropics. Some complain rather loudly of such discomforts of tropical life, as the bloodthirsty mosquito and the intrusive ant. There is malaria in some districts, but less severe, apparently, than in many of the lowlands of the United States.

In Manila there are five months of pleasant temperature from November to March. April is hot, May and June hotter, the mercury rising above a hundred degrees every day, but in the evening the atmosphere is uniformly tempered by pleasant sea breezes, which make a very comfortable night.

In August begins the rains, the total fall for the year being from one hundred to one hundred and thirty inches.

The day begins at 4:00 o'clock in the morning, and most of the work is done before 8:00. From noon to 4:00 or 5:00 o'clock the town is like a city of the dead, no one stirring abroad except under absolute compulsion. At 6:00 o'clock it re-awakens; the principal meal of the day is served, and then the whole population drives or walks in the cool of the evening, thronging the Luneta, the fashionable promenade along the Pasig River.

The natives of the islands include several different tribes, the most important ones being the Tagolos of Luzon, Visayas of Mindanao. The principal foreign element in the island is due to the immigration of Chinamen, of whom, of pure or mixed blood, there are more than sixty thousand in Manila alone.



Spain has regarded her subjects, in no other light than as sources of revenue for her government and her favored officials. In the Philippines, the representative of Spanish rule has been the tax collector. The system that ruined the Roman Empire was revived there; a collector being appointed for each district, and held personally responsible for the taxes. If the receipts fell below the estimate, he had to make up the deficiency; if they exceeded it he pocketed all surplus—the result being that the last peseta was deliberately wrung from the luckless inhabitants. Under the Spanish rule a man was taxed if he had property, and fined if he had none. Carriages were taxed according to the number of wheels, consequently the average conveyance only had two wheels, and would have had fewer were it possible. There were taxes on every form of property. In most provinces the native must carry his tax receipts constantly with him; if found without them he was liable to arrest, and severe punishment. Everything in Manila smacked of feudalism. The Spanish discouraged progress and opposed education.

Already Manila has taken on an air of Americanism. Business has made rapid leaps and strides since Admiral Dewey filled the bay with the debris of the Spanish crafts. The custom house receipts at the present time, amount to four thousand dollars a day. The natives have learned that the "Americano" is a friend, not a tyrant.

Just as Claus Spreckles reaped his millions from the cane patches of Hawaii, or as John North turned the nitrate beds of Peru to gold, so will the next decade see vast fortunes made in the Philippine Islands, for which a new chapter of history began with Admiral Dewey's victory in the bay of Manila on the 1st day of May, 1898.







# THE PEARL Two RINGS!

BY MARGARET RASH MILLER, '84.

A GROUP of merry school girls were seated tailor fashion upon the short buffalo grass which thickly carpeted the park about the Central school-house. They were playing the time-honored game of mumblepeg and chattering like magpies. The little steel blade of the pearl-handled pocket-knife glistened brightly in the sunlight as it flashed through the air describing a horse-shoe curve as its point flew first upward and then down over Josephine's shoulder. The tongues of the girls wagged busily on as if their mouths had been leased to St. Vitus himself for dancing halls.

"Jeanie, lass, you must sit beside me in philosophy class today, for if the professor asks me to explain that long chapter on magnetism or to describe the workings of the great electrical engines of this inventive age, I shall need the promptings of your sympathetic, magnetic spirit and will willingly respond to your gently whispered suggestions. It may be that I can at least catch some intellectual rays from the 'windows of your soul' or a throb or two of vigor from the elbow of your brawny arm. The Scotch were always noted for their clean-cut precision, and the Americans, especially westerners, for taking everything they can get. As nature has so completely hidden the true secret of magnetism, all these years



how can a simple-minded girl like myself be expected to define its processes, even through written laws whose powers and limitations I have not studied in theory or practice? Girls cannot serve as engineers. They seldom telegraph except with their eyes, so why, I should like to know, should they be compelled to waste time over such dry stupid topics? Let's talk about the men for a change. They are supposed to be the noblest works of God, and we all mean to be first assistants or rather the 'controllers' which regulate their movements upon life's highway."

"Now I bespeak the floor, fair moderator," said Clara of the tawny locks, red cheeks and milk-white teeth, "for I have recent intelligence and it behooves me to 'strike while the iron is hot,' lest some other active reporter hastens to cool the ardor of your impatience. Know all women by these here present that there are three new 'fellows' in town. Brother Harry was at the post office last night and met the young Englishman, a fine-looking, manly boy who is to be cashier of the new bank. He is a member of the Presbyterian church and will surely be at the social next week. His friend, Fred Marlowe, is a ruddy blonde, not handsome but bright and quick at repartee and will clerk for my father. The best catch of them all, from a financial standpoint, is the new druggist. He is older, but a handsome brunette."

"Oh! then girls, please leave him for me," said the candid Christina, "because papa says I must find some one who can take care of me, and I know I never could be a poor man's wife. My husband must be rich and have a fine home, horses, carriages and a liveried coachman. Mamma says, my fine figure and beautiful voice need proper settings."

"Oh! Tine," said stately Mary, "how can you say such things? You should wait to be sought. I am sure the Englishman would be more to my taste. They are always so dignified and grand. Then a trip to Europe would be just what I should like above all else."

"That is right, Mary, you should strive to inculcate better principles into the mercenary heart of your dear sister."



Good singers should not allow the *tenor* of their lives to be so *base*. However, you need not look so completely crushed, Christina, for the wise man says that marrying for love without a side issue of bread and butter, is like sipping the froth from a glass of soda water."

"Well, as usual," quoth Elizabeth, "I must take the leavings, but as I am brown as a berry, I guess the 'ruddy blond' will not prove such a bad combination. The puzzle is, what to do with dear old Ben, Harry, George and Arthur? You all know that Ben is good and true. It was he that gave me that ballad entitled, 'B is for Bessie and also for Ben.' Bless his dear heart he deserves and shall have a better and fairer maid. Arthur is a born genius, and will make his mark as a portrait painter, or a lightning illustrator of some world renowned magazine. It would be a great pity to spoil his prospects in life by thoughts of a little, insignificant midget like me. Harry is clean and crisp and jolly. Say, Christie, why don't you whistle and let the lad come to you? A duet on the Berkshire Hills called 'The Campbells Are Coming' would be very apropos. But dear old George is like a brother to me. Whom can I trust to deal gently with him? Careful now, lasses, here are the straws which the Kansas zephyrs blow. Draw them prayerfully and tenderly as if it were across your heart strings that the Æolian were playing with special pleading 'Oh! Promise Me.' Fudge! The shortest goes to Min, of course. She is such a dumpling and looks at all the boys with those round, baby-blue eyes of hers, asking in dulcet tones which they consider the dearest type of woman, 'one who is little and cute or one who is tall and graceful?' George will just widen his grave, trustful grey eyes in mild astonishment, then open his honest mouth and big heart and take her for better or worse. Heigho! There goes the bell and my algebra lesson is equal to 'X'."

The social night drew on apace and our girls donned their gayest ribbons, and were there in full force. The boys were not far behind them and their stiff collars and new cravats were of the most immaculate. The usual games of



"Clap in; clap out," "post office" and "spin the plate," introduced the new comers to old and young. The druggist was wary but finally succumbed to the wiles of an attractive widow. The Englishman with native energy and directness soon selected his mate from the best of the flock. But the "ruddy blonde," although attracted at once, as he frankly admitted, by a pair of "beautiful eyes" found a few pitfalls on the way to matrimony. "There are others of course," said Elizabeth, "but you must sing 'Just One Girl.'"

Autumn came and went. There were many brilliant sunsets watched from the surrounding hills. For "Starry Night for a Ramble," there is no place so fine as Kansas. Her skies are bluer and clearer by day and more silver white by moonlight than any other.

The Christmas festivities provoked serious complications. This happened to be a year when pearls were the fashionable gems. The village jeweler brought on two handsome solitaire rings for the holiday trade. The attention of two young men was directed to these emblems of purity. Each made his selection and purchased without consultation. Alack, a-day! News travels quickly. Soon the whole town was agog with curiosity. A busy bevy of more or less interested friends began to watch for culminations. Some with playful and others with meddlesome mischief intent, began to assist the accomplishment of Fate.

George with matter of fact directness went while the golden sun was shining and carried his offering to the bewildered Elizabeth. Never before had anything more expensive or suggestive than flowers or bonbons been presented and a complete understanding had to come at once. He was just the best and nicest boy that she knew, and she disliked very much to wound his feelings but she could not accept valuable presents from gentlemen. After a long and sincere heart-to-heart talk, he told her that he was going away and would like her to accept and wear the ring in memory of their childhood friendship. This, with her mother's counsel and consent, she did. Its appearance upon her finger caused much





commotion among the pupils at school, and talk at the various homes afterward. Gossip speeds on the wings of the wind and scatters its seeds broadcast.

That being Friday and the regular night for the gathering of the young people at the prayer-meeting from which Fred was in the habit of accompanying Elizabeth home, was eventful.

He had planned this as the most auspicious time for the presentation of his gift, thinking how appropriate it would be



to call her Pearl instead of Elizabeth. On the way he overtook the witching Clara and she told him, along with other bits of news, about the beautiful solitaire which had been given her friend by her life-long admirer George, the steadfast. The whys and wherefores were discussed with a minuteness deserving a better subject. At last as they flirted and wagered she coaxed him to let her wear the ring from his little finger during the evening, after which, she would surely return it. The hand that bore it was fluttered with wilful, merciless, exasperation before her rival's eyes, until the little maid's heart was sore, and her southern pride up in arms. A coolness followed that could not be thawed out for many day.

Finally when the pearl ring, No. 2, came around to its original destination, Bessie just tossed her head and tilted her nose like a wilful, mocking sparrow and would have none of it.

Three dreary months crept by and the balmy Spring was gladdening the face of the earth. Myriads of birds were chorusing their songs of jubilee. A robin red-breast hopped about over the lawn stopping now and then quickly to send his firm little bill down into the grass to come up again as quickly, holding a long pink angleworm with which he flew away to a neighboring cottonwood tree, where his mate was keeping house for him and the little ones. A noisy blue jay flew in and out of a blossom laden cherry tree, screeching violent anathemas upon a tiny brown wren that was quietly but steadily building a nest in the roof of the well-house near by. A golden oriole was filling the air as full of music as the apple blossoms were of delicate fragrance. The bees were humming a wee bit lazily as they passed with regular army-like precision from the alfalfa field to hive and comb. A dear old motherly hen belonging to Auntie Green was cluck, clucking, in an alternate, scolding and coaxing tone, because one downy, yellow chick more venturesome than the rest would wander beyond the picket fence. A little brown thrush swung to and fro on the very tip-top of a giant sunflower. He opened wide his throat as if to swallow one of the gorgeous blooms, full twelve inches in diameter, which surrounded his feathered head. He was not a greedy bird

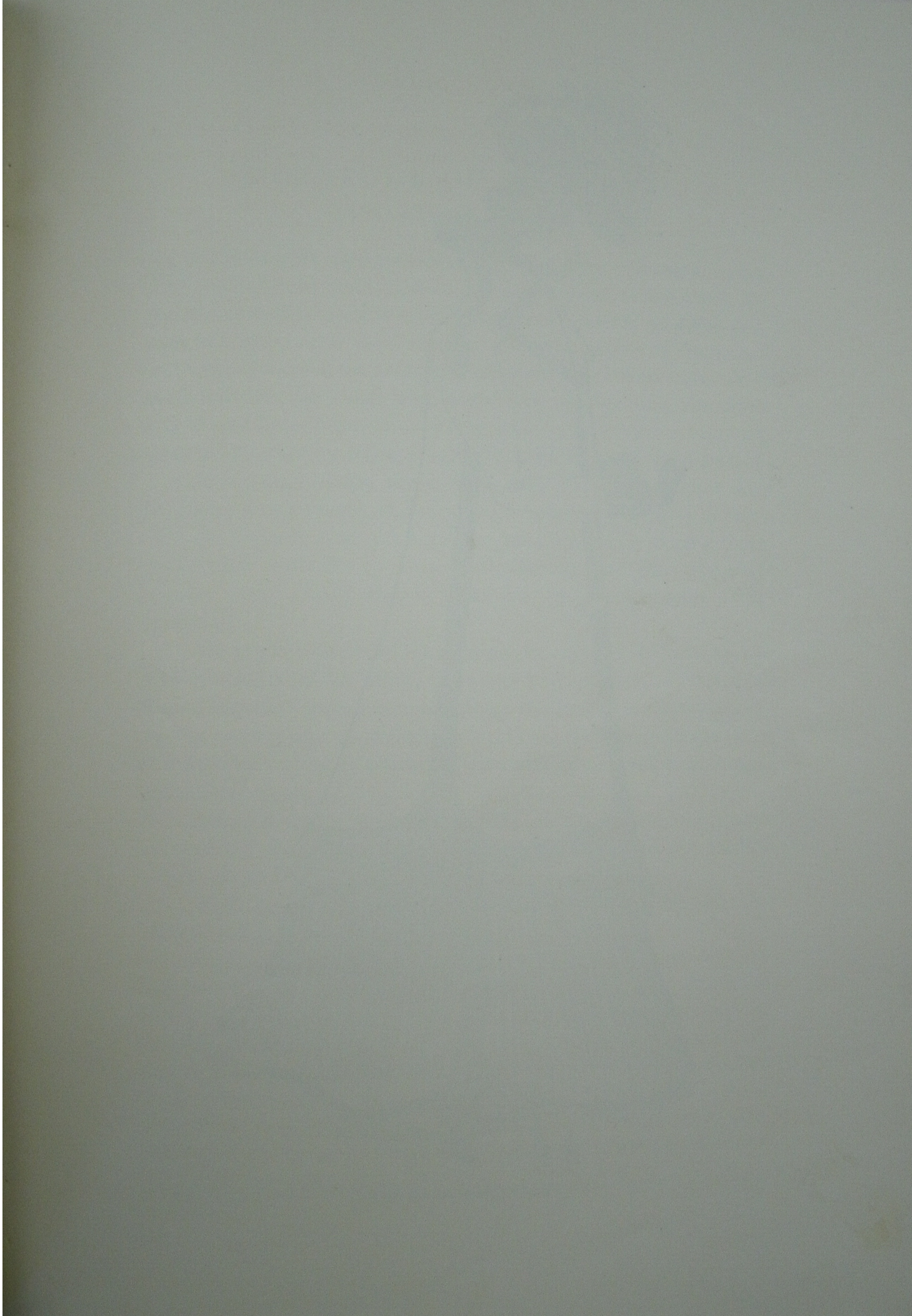


and lived a life so full of sweet content that he tried to diffuse his happiness over the entire community. The flower upon which he rested had been adopted as a symbol of the state. It is typical of the brightness and strength of the God it worships. That morning as on all others of its existence, its face was turned full toward the east to greet the orb of day, with silent but faithful devotion. At noon it was raised steadfast to the meridian. Now as the sun is gradually nearing the western horizon, the yellow petals and brown beaded head are gently nodding that way as if in answer to a hypnotic influence which quietly but firmly says "come."

It is four o'clock. Our merry maids are released from school and are wandering over the rolling prairies gathering sweet scented daisies, weaving chains and telling fortunes.

One brown-tressed lassie lagged a little behind the rest, seemingly lost in deep meditation. She selected a large perfectly formed flower and then stealing a plaintive note from the soft white dove cooing by the roadside, began with quivering lips the old formula: "He loves me, He loves me not," as, one by one, the snow-white petals fell. She caught her breath tremblingly. The tears in the black eyes softened them to a dreamy brown as the circle was almost completed and the mystic final, fatal leaflet was approached by the nervous finger tips. At this point a masculine voice interposed. A strong arm encircled the wee girlie and caught the dismantled flower, together with the tiny hand that held it. "Of course, he loves you," he exclaimed in decisive, eager tones. "You did name it for me, didn't you Bessie, darling? I do love you dearly, and always will. Please do not doubt me again." The sun went down in a blaze of glory. The sky was brilliant with huge pink and purple clouds, with long golden stripes between. The storms that arise on a Kansas horizon passed as quickly away as did this hasty temptress in the life of one little maid from school. Henceforward the course of true love for this pair ran smoothly. So that in after years, when schooldays for her were over, and a lucrative position was assured for him, the "ruddy blonde," as the fates had willed it, carried away the little brunette to sail the seas of matrimony.









THE AUTOMOBILE GIRL.



## THE STUDY OF BROWNING.

BY ROSSEAU A. BURCH, '79.

ALTHOUGH Robert Browning's poetry covers a much wider field than that of any other poet of his time, his themes are all related in some way to the power and the passion, the grief and joy, the sin and exaltation of men and women. His constant motive is the common life of man. And the beautiful, the sweet, the tragic and the terrible, the noble and the sublime in humanity cling to his verse with a touching quality and moving stress original, distinctive and unsurpassed.

A due regard for these facts may assist the reader to a heightened enjoyment of Browning's poems; and they further seem to suggest that perhaps the best approach to the treasures of his verse lies by way of the heart; and that the love-passion may afford the key to his most successful interpretation.

All appreciations of Browning have paid tribute to the prodigiousness of his mind. He has been spoken of, justly, as the intellectual phenomenon among the poets of the century; and as having the profoundest intellect, with widest range of sympathies and most universal knowledge of men and things, since Shakespeare.

But with these superlative gifts, he has united one greater, which is the genius for love, and which changed the quality of all the rest.

Well might Lowell say of him, he was "by far the richest nature of his time."

At the full height of their poetic powers Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett met and married. The writer of the article on "Poetry" in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* says of her, "she possessed the most truly passionate nature and perhaps the greatest soul that in our time has expressed itself in English verse."

Her "Sonnets from the Portuguese" soar to admitted pre-eminence in love poetry and Henry Mertoun's song at Mildred

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Tresham's window in his "Blot in the 'Scutcheon" will always appeal to many hearts as no other love poem can. Henceforward the Brownings will stand as the type of wedded lovers in real life as Dante and Beatrice stand for the type of romantic love.

The winning of his wife Browning regarded as his noblest achievement. In "By the Fireside" he says of it:

I am named and known by that moment's feat;  
                   There took my station and degree;  
 So grew my own small life complete,  
                   As nature obtained her best of me—  
 One born to love you, sweet!

After Mrs. Browning's death Browning copied into a New Testament which had belonged to her the following from Dante: "This I believe, this I affirm, this I am certain it is, that from this life I shall pass to another better, there where that lady lives of whom my soul is enamoured."

And in "Prospice" death is but a release of him to her.

After the pain, the darkness and the cold; when the black minute is at an end, shall come—

\* \* \* \* \* First a peace out of pain,  
 Then a light, then thy breast  
 O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again  
 And with God be at rest.

Seven years after her death, the undiminished fervor of his affection appears in the invocation in "The Ring and the Book."

Never may I commence my song, my due  
 To God, who best taught song by gift of thee,  
 Except with bent head and beseeching hand—  
 That still, despite the distance and the dark,  
 What was again may be; some interchange  
 Of grace, some splendour once thy very thought,  
 Some benediction anciently thy smile.



And in "Christina" it is said:

Ages past the soul existed, here an age is resting merely  
And hence fleets again for ages; while the true end,  
sole and single  
It stops here for is, this love way, with  
Some other soul to mingle.

Such love is peculiarly Browning's inspiration—never the mere sentimentality of the youthful and the morbid, but the finest fervor of the noble and the pure and the energetic ardor of the mighty and the great.

As might be expected of such a genius, Browning as an artist treats love as a theme with such insight and intensity, with such poignancy and power, and yet with such exquisite grace and delicacy that every love-motive of the medieval and modern mind is touched with a new and finer ideality. But, expressions of the love relation transmuted into exalted works of art by no means give us Browning's estimate of love.

All thou dost enumerate  
Of power and beauty in the world  
The mightiness of love was curled  
Inextricably round about.

Indeed, to him love is not only the creative vital force of art, but it is the energizing power which seizes life itself and and lifts it to its spiritual use. The love-passion therefore is of such intimate concern that he uses it as the only true interpreter of the vicissitudes of the soul on its eternal way. And all the dread machinery of sin and sorrow in the world, which would confound us if it were intended otherwise, was devised by the All-Great, who is the All-Loving too, to engender human love.

To make man love in turn, and be beloved,  
Creative and self-sacrificing too,  
And thus eventually God-like.

The human spark, Browning holds, "had for its source the sun"; hence man's love, differing only in degree, is the



same as the illimitable love of God. And no matter how chance-sown or cleft-nursed the love-seed may be, springing up by the wayside, or from underneath the foot of the enemy, it grows and breaks into a blaze of beauty.

Spreads itself into one wide glory of desire  
To incorporate the whole great sun it loves.

No doubt it is Browning's supreme faith in the efficacy and infinitude of love which leads him to fill his pages with a consummate democracy in which all creatures hold divine appointments and exercise their faculties unblamed.

In "The Boy and the Angel" the chorus of creation stopped nor could the angel Gabriel take up the halting strain and supply God's need of the little human praise of the poor craft boy working away in his cell.

The delicate, blithesome Pippa, just a little working-girl from the silk-mills, with only one holiday in all the year, singing her songs of

All service ranks the same with God  
\* \* \* \* There is no last or first.

God's in his Heaven,  
All's right with the world

is made the instrument for the regeneration and salvation of many lives.

The most repulsive human shape may be the bearer of love's message.

In "The flight of the Duchess" a gypsy crone, bent with age, her face hairy and wrinkled, her worn-out eyes sunken in their sockets, and cloaked in a shaggy wolf-skin, was sent by the despicable caprice of a soulless duke to reprove his wife, lately a gentle, tender, flower-like convent girl, who now lay crushed and helpless under the dead weight of dreary formalism and heartless life about her. But hidden within the gypsy's squalor and decrepitude lay the soul of a queen-mother, all instinct with sympathy and love and power to save, which rose like a shining sword out of a dull sheath, in

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the presence of this despairing girl wife's starved and breaking heart. She stood erect with stateliest grace. The arrangement of her garb displayed a Persian mantel edged with gold pieces where tatters had hung. Her lustrous eyes irradiated her countenance, and the wonderful tones of her changing voice became entrancing music as she told with rapturous passion

How love is the only good in the world.

And all loving hearts have equal hold on God. Therefore, beside the instructed faith of the learned Rabbi Ben Ezra, who, in the serene maturity of his sagacious years could say

He fixed thee mid this dance  
Of plastic circumstance.

Our times are in His hand.

\* \* \* Trust God; see all nor be afraid,

there rises like an incense the purer trust of sweet Pompilia, who, though she was born amid the briers of life, was forbidden any knowledge which might make a book or move mankind, and was stabbed to death by a fiend-husband at the age of seventeen years, with her baby in her arms, yet knew

Love will be helpful to me more and more  
I' the coming course, the new path I must tread;

and she died breathing how

God stooping shows sufficient of his light  
For us i' the dark to rise by.

And so, Browning's lines are always luminous with the sense that in all man's relations love is the divinest fact.

In "A Death in the Desert" the aged St. John, the last survivor of Jesus' companions, to escape a persecution of Christians had been carried secretly by faithful friends from Patmos to a cave in the desert, where, bedded on a camel-skin in the gloom of the middle grotto of the hiding place, he

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lay dying. The retreat was guarded by a Bactrian convert, who, half way up the mouth of the cave, made pretence to graze a goat on rags of herb the rock's shade kept alive, and his cry, from time to time, like that of a lone desert bird, was the signal of safety.

The Bactrian was but a wild, childish man,  
And could not write nor speak, but only loved.

And when, revived for a little time by tenderest ministrations, the expiring apostle spoke, he said,

For life, with all it yields of joy and woe,  
And hope and fear—believe the aged friend—  
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love,  
How love might be, hath been indeed, and is.

Surely the heart which delights to express itself in scenes like these can not be very difficult of access. It can not be very much restrained either by obscurities of thought or infelicities of style, nor can it offer serious obstacle to any reader who is earnest and sincere.

Very often Browning's attitude toward his reader is felt to be much like that of the lady toward her lover in "Ina Gondola."

She sings to him—

I.

The moth's kiss first!  
Kiss me as if you made believe  
You were not sure this eve,  
How my face, your flower, had pursed  
Its petals; so here and there  
You brush it till I grow aware  
Who wants me, and wide ope I burst.

II.

The bee's kiss now  
Kiss me as if you entered gay  
My heart at some noon day,  
A bud that dares not disallow  
The claim, so all is rendered up  
And passively its shattered cup  
Over your head to sleep I bow.



And the reader, like the lover, should always make his quest with an eager sensitiveness to the mood of the poem. Browning will then richly respond when he might not do so if attacked with critical and calculating inquisitiveness.

Every lover of nature feels instantly the charm of the verses in "Home thoughts from Abroad," said by Edmund Clarence Stedman to be the finest ever written of a bird song:

Hark where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge  
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover  
Blossoms and dew drops,—at the bent spray's edge—  
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over  
Lest you should think he never could recapture  
The first fine careless rapture.

But, if the lines fail to please, it is useless to seek for any hidden meaning, to be dug out from between them.

If any one should feel no thrill upon reading the following outburst of joyousness, a grammatical and prosodical analysis of the passage will not aid his appreciation of it:

The Lark

Soars up and up, shivering for very joy;  
Afar the ocean sleeps; white fishing gulls  
Flit where the strand is purple with its tribe  
Of nested limpets; savage creatures seek  
Their loves in wood and plain—and God renews  
His ancient rapture.

And in like manner, the reader's own soul is to be moved directly and sympathetically by the soul-power of the poet—not ratiocinatively and philosophically—in all the many poems where it towers so splendidly.

It must not be concluded, however, that, because Browning is more easily approached and best understood through the affections, the indolent mind can profit greatly from reading him.

His range is almost infinite; and in the midst of the marvelous, the stupendous and the profound the lavish might of his creative energy scatters the intricate, the subtle and the

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elusory. Much of his poetry is of the subjective character; and the most awing tragedy is frequently exhibited, without any impressive or impassioned speech whatever, in the progression of psychological states incapable of any representation in action. In the dedication of "Sordello" he said: "My stress lay on the incidents in the development of a soul; little else is worth study." In dramatic insight, intensity and fire he rises easily above all his compeers; and his power of apparently effortless concentration and condensation is a marvel to all writers and readers of our language. Therefore, Browning must not be expected to dally with the reader in any mere shallow intelligibility. But even the most difficult portions of his work will require no greater effort on the part of the reader than the active mind should crave, or than is involved in the study of any other of the great masters of English verse.





## DONALD AND DOROTHY.

BY ELLA S. BOWERS, '86.

IN a little cottage in the new town of Prairie du Chien, on the broad plains of Kansas, lived Dorothy Esmond with her father and mother from the time she was able to remember anything. The broad prairie was her play-ground, and a large Newfoundland dog her playmate and protector.

Like many another small child, she delighted to run away, which was a serious affair in those days, for the Texas cattle trail ran near the door of her home and fierce herds with their fearless and too often drunken drivers frequently passed by.

Once a cowboy with his snorting herd before him, and his eyes scanning the horizon, saw the small piece of humanity, a dot on the prairie before him and, with one dig of his spurs, dashed forward in front of the foaming beasts that made the earth tremble with the mighty tramp of their feet, and with a skill born of experience, stooping from his panting horse, with one sweep of his arm he gathered her to his breast and riding up to the door of the cottage where her mother was at work, not having missed her yet said, "Madam, is this your child? If you want her you had better take better care of her."

She was but five years old, a little thing with wide blue eyes and curls in which the sunshine seemed to have become entangled, when *he* came into her life. He was a year older.

She had no brothers or sisters and he took their place. His home was across the prairie in a more pretentious house than hers.

Well she remembered the day they began to build the first house between the two homes; she came running to her father, the great tears dropping on her cheeks, "O! papa, make the men stop; they are fencing up all our prairie."

They might build a fence between them, but they could not keep Donald and Dorothy apart.

Many a lovely sunshiny day Miss Dorothy preferred to





"HE GATHERED HER TO HIS BREAST."

play blocks or paper-dolls under the big dining-room table with her skirts carefully spread out so that he should not see the string which tied her to the table leg as punishment for some disobedience, for Dorothy was not a goody-goody child, but a wide-awake girl too fond of having her own way; and faithfully Donald staid by her; too faithfully she sometimes thought, for she almost wished he would stay at home on those days.

Together they started to the little white schoolhouse. He always stopped for her in spite of the big boys' teasing, and wasn't she just as faithful on her part, for when in the big barn behind Donald's home, the boys had their regular Saturday circus, and no other audience could be found wasn't Dorothy always willing to go, (if they would let her in for nothing for she did not always have the necessary ten pins) and sitting on a log, ready to applaud with all her small might each and every wonderful act, from the opening piece by the band, which was sometimes given by twanging the tongue of a jews-harp, and sometimes by blowing till their cheeks seemed

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ready to burst on mouth-organs that had long since lost their outer covering, leaving the reeds plainly visible; to the hanging by their toes from the rafters and the would be funny remarks of the clown.

\* \* \* \* \*

Prairie du Chien prospered and grew from the little frontier town to a flourishing city. The little white school-house has been replaced by an imposing brick structure.

Donald has gone to Yale; he expects to make a lawyer of himself, but we still find Dorothy in her place. She has grown from the chubby child into a slender maiden, but we should know her by the same blue eyes and golden hair.

Always bright and happy, ready to do any little act of kindness in her power, she is beloved by all. When Donald first said, "Dorothy, I am going to college," he might as well have said that the world was going to end. Why! she had known him always. What would Prairie du Chien be without him? for wherever she was, there he was also.

He had always shared all her joys and all her sorrows. But then there would be the long letters telling her all about that great East, where she had never been, and wasn't he going to make a great lawyer, whose fame would one day be known all over the country?

O! how proud she would be of him then.

So youth's troubles are soon forgotten and she was surprised as she looked back now to see how fast the time had gone.

How bright the world seems now, for isn't she going to graduate next month and hasn't she had a letter from Donald saying he would be home in time for the occasion?

And just that morning her father had called her to him and said, "Dorothy dear, you are almost through school and your father will be greatly disappointed if you do not want to continue your music. I think you have the voice to make a sweet singer at least, if not a brilliant one; and music adds so much to the home."

"You dear old papa, I just love my music," answered



Dorothy, "and will do my best for your sake, if not for my own."

"I wrote a while back to a cousin of mine in Boston," continued her father, "and this morning I received her answer saying she would be so pleased to take you into her house and let you attend the Conservatory there. So Dorothy, make the most of your vacation this summer, and in the fall we'll try and send you to Boston."

My! it seemed as though she just walked on air that day.

We will pass over the wonderful graduation day, when they were all so proud of her, and the all too short vacation which she and Donald spent so pleasantly together. There was a difference in their companionship from the old days, yet they could neither one tell just what; she seemed shyer, he more quiet, but somehow it seemed all the sweeter, and though they both missed the old free companionship they would neither have been willing to go back. How often in his childhood days Donald had said, "Dorothy is my girl; when I get big I'm going to marry her."

He did not say it now, but he thought a great deal more about it. Somehow no one had ever been quite able to take her place.

No word of love had ever passed between them but when he comes to say goodbye at the close of his vacation, there is a look in his eyes that makes Dorothy's long lashes droop and a warmer pressing of the hand than usual, and while he only says, "Goodbye, Dorothy," he closes his lips with the determination that he will make a name for himself that he will not be ashamed to offer her.

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"Miss Dorothy, there is a gentleman in the parlor who would like to see you," said the servant, handing her a card one evening as she sat in Mrs. Elliot's cosy sitting room after an unusually discouraging afternoon at the Conservatory.

She had been sitting with her hands clasped behind her head, gazing at the pictures in the "hollow down by the flare," for as the evenings are getting chilly now a fire has



been kindled in the grate. She was thinking of home and of Donald and, in fact, was getting decidedly homesick; so she feels positively relieved at the interruption, but "who can it be," she wonders as she takes the card. She has only met a few of Mrs. Elliot's friends, as yet, and they would not be apt to ask for her.

She reads the name, "William Hughes, surely it has a rather familiar sound, where have I heard it," she ponders.



"I HAVE BEEN QUITE ANXIOUS TO MEET YOU."

Suddenly a light dawns in her eyes. "Why, that was the name of Donald's chum at school, of whom his letters used to be so full, and of whom he talked so much last summer, until one day she had said to him, jokingly, 'O, I'm so sick and tired of hearing nothing but 'Will this' and 'Will that.' I would just like to see that paragon.'"

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As she enters the parlor a gentleman rises and with a bow says, "Miss Esmond?" Dorothy answers him with a slight inclination of the head and he continues, "Donald Leigh asked me to call. I am an old schoolmate of his, but have recently settled in Boston."

"I have often heard Donald speak of you, in fact I have been quite anxious to meet you, he has told me so much about you."

"Then the desire has been mutual," responds William, with one of his lowest bows. Then continuing, "I am in hopes my sister, with whom I make my home, and I may be able to make the time pass more pleasantly for you, as you are a stranger in Boston, Donald tells me."

The call proved rather a lengthy one, for Dorothy is a bright little talker and they find they have many interests in common.

He too is a lover of music, and has quite a good tenor voice; he has visited many of the great art galleries and is quite adept at describing what he has seen.

When he finally goes he has Dorothy's promise that she will accompany his sister and himself to an organ recital to be given at Grace church the next evening by Clarence Eddy.

Dorothy sits right down and writes to Donald that very evening to tell him how much she likes his friend and what a lovely evening they have spent and to thank him for sending him.

When he receives it, Donald for the first time knows what jealousy is.

As for William, he goes to bed to dream of clients with blue eyes, and briefs in which the word "Dorothy" composes the greater part.

William Hughes was not a man whom one would call handsome but there was an intellectuality about his face, and a consideration for others in his manner which was very attractive. There was a shade of sadness in his dark eyes when his face was in repose that showed his life had not all been care-free, but when he spoke you lost sight of that in his ani-



mation. He was several years older than Donald, but had not had his advantages when young so that he was only one year ahead of him at college; but there was that in their temperament which drew the older to the younger when they first met, and he had protected Donald from the hazings to which Freshmen are usually subjected.

So through the two years until his graduation they had had been inseparable companions, the one furnishing to the other that which was lacking in his own nature.

At the close of his own course William, through the influence of his brother-in-law, had been admitted into partnership with an old established lawyer who began to feel the need of a younger man's assistance and the firm was now known as Clayborn and Hughes.

The next evening comes none too quickly for the young folks. Dorothy is at her brightest. She has not been able to afford many entertainments, so she is going to make the most of this one.

They arrive quite early, but rather enjoy watching the crowd gather. He takes into his own care her wrap, her fur collar, her fan, and after seeing that she is comfortable points out some of the people of note.

"That is Dr.—, the minister of this church."

"Over there, do you see the lady with the white fan?"

"No," she answers, looking in vain.

"The one talking to the gentleman who is bending over from the seat behind her."

"O yes, now I see her."

"That is Miss——, the soprano of whom I presume you have heard."

"Is it?" says Dorothy. "How pretty she is; I should like to hear her sing."

But the noted organist takes his place and all else is forgotten. With body bent forward and rapt face Dorothy listens, completely carried away, and William finds more than half his enjoyment watching her.

She is rather quiet the rest of the evening for she seems





“HE FINDS MORE THAN HALF HIS ENJOYMENT WATCHING HER.”

to be living in another world as the great organ rolls out its story: now soft, now louder; now plaintively, now with a majesty sublime.

After that evening it becomes quite natural to find William and Dorothy together, for isn't he Donald's friend? and she must be pleasant to him for his sake; and then he is so nice she really likes him herself. There are concerts and lectures, visits to art exhibitions, skating parties, long walks on her way home across the common in the early twilight, (when it was strange, but somehow she invariably met

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William,) and last but not least, the delightful evenings at home, when they played and sang together, or got into heated discussions over the latest book.

Only one thing marred her pleasure, what was the matter with Donald? She was sure she had always written and told him everything. How much she was enjoying her winter, and how good William was to her, but there seemed to be a change in Donald's letters. At first he wrote just the same and she could hardly tell what was the matter, but as she looked back now they seemed stiffer and less cordial, and gradually he did not write as often (so busy—his last year, was his excuse) until now it had been a whole month since she has had a letter.

Though it brought the tears to her eyes when she thought of it, (and when didn't she think of it if alone?) she was a proud little creature and had declared to herself with a toss of her head that morning, "If Donald does not like me anymore and does not want to write to me, he can just let it alone. I will never let him know that I care." She was sure she had done her part and, with a little catch in her throat, "If there is some other girl he likes better, I hope she will make him happy." Dorothy could not be selfish toward one she loved, though her own heart did ache.

So the winter passed and now all things speak of the coming of spring. The buds on the trees are beginning to burst, giving promise of the leaves to come. You hear the joyful song of the birds in the branches. The tulips, the crocuses, the hyacinths are thrusting their heads up through the dry leaves in the beds in the park, as William lingers in the path they had so often walked together.

Mrs. Esmond has not been well and Dorothy has had to give up her music and return home.

Young and inexperienced, she little realizes the spring she has awakened in a man's noble heart; for William, feeling that he was a stranger to her people and that she was young and away from home, put a guard on his tongue and actions and allowed her to return home thinking of him only as so

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kind to her for Donald's sake, but resolving that he will work hard through the summer and in the fall he will go to her home and, if possible, win the right to ask her of her father. He hopes she is not indifferent to him, and he knows that without her life would be but a blank, so far as he is concerned.

As for Donald, what a winter he has endured! Dorothy's letters all of William, William's letters full of Dorothy, till finally he could stand it no longer and stopped writing. He has returned to Prairie du Chien and hung out his shingle in his home town, resolving to build up a practice there, if possible, in spite of the old proverb that "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country." He had been back about a month when Dorothy came, but as yet he has only shaken hands with her in a careless sort of way, one day when he met her on the street, assuming an indifference he far from felt. He did not dare look her in the eyes, though he flatters himself that he has learned self-control, and can now exist through the ordeal of seeing her some one else's wife; for that reason he did not see the wistfulness in her eyes or how much she was hurt by his manner.

About this time a large party was given by one of their old childhood friends and, little dreaming of the cloud between them, Donald was asked to bring Dorothy. He could not well refuse, so that on the eventful night he went for her. As though with one consent they avoided all mention of the past and talked with almost feverish haste of things in which they had no interest, until finally a silence fell upon them which they both seemed utterly unable to break.

Suddenly, as though compelled by some power which he could not resist, Donald said: "Do you remember when we used to go to school together to the little white schoohouse?"

"I remember," with eyes cast down.

"And later to the new school, and how the boys used to tease me, and I would fight for you."

"Yes, I remember that too, and how you sometimes tormented me yourself."



"But I would never allow anyone else to torment you, Dorothy. Do you remember the boy who came to see you graduate, in your white dress, and who took you home after it was over and how he haunted the places you went all that summer?"

But the head drooped lower, there was no answer to the question now.

Then after a moment's silence, impetuously raising her head, "I remember too, how when he went away that same boy used to write to me always and how, after a while, I began gradually to miss those same letters until they stopped altogether, and there was no word to tell me why."

"Dorothy, I had thought to keep it to myself always; I had thought I was strong enough now to see you and keep silent; but the old feelings rush over me with a power I can not resist, and I must, I will tell you I love you, though you should marry Will next week." But the answer, "Marry Will! why Donald, I have loved only you always," was intended for his ears only.

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With a step that bounded over the ground and a heart that beat in joyful anticipation, William Hughes called at Mrs. Elliot's home one day in the early fall. "I won't come in, thank you, Mrs. Elliot, I just stopped on an errand. I would like Miss Dorothy's address. I am going to Kansas tomorrow." "Is that so, Mr. Hughes; certainly you shall have it, but it is not *Miss* Dorothy any more, she was married last week."







THE EVENING GIRL.



# ARCHITECTURE, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

BY ARTHUR L. LYNN, '00.

THE origin of architecture like that of other arts is wrapped in obscurity, and like all the fine arts, except, perhaps the art of music, has its roots in pure utility. It begins everywhere with the construction of a shelter against the elements, consisting at first of caves, and huts of branches. A smooth stone was in earlier times the altar to the divinity descended to receive the prayers and gifts of mortals; a mound was heaped over the bones of the dead hero whose deeds were kept alive through sacrifices offered on the scene of his later earthly labors. The rudest peoples, even those who lived in the mildest climates, felt the need of a roof. The Otaheitan had his hut, the American Indian his wigwam, the Esquimaux his dome of ice. Every race shows that there is inherent in man the instinct of building. He shares it with the beaver, the ant, and the bird. It exists in him as does the power of language, and like any of his native powers, it may be awakened or remain dormant, and we find that in the development of the races the earlier crude forms have grown along more distinct lines.

For the beginnings of architecture—its earliest efforts, grand even in their infancy—we must turn to Egypt. The oldest works of the Egyptians, according to Herodotus, was the embankment of the Nile by Mines, the foundation of the city of Memphis, and the commencement of the temple of Vulcan. The next structure rising with stately presence out of these early times is the Great Pyramid, the most gigantic in the world—one which has never been, and perhaps never will be surpassed. Next to the Pyramids in massive grandeur comes the great Sphinx, and an additional interest has lately been associated with this statue from the finding of an inscription which seems to prove that it was sculptured before



the time of the builder of the first pyramid. Egyptian architecture has been reproached for monotony, but it may be questioned whether any architecture has ever made so wide spread, so profound an impression, or given such enduring pleasure.

Between Egyptian architecture and all ancient forms before and during that period, and Grecian architecture and all the forms that followed, there is a distinct break in both architectural forms and construction. First in importance in Grecian architecture is the use of the three orders, the Doric, Ionian, and Corinthian. The oldest ruins now in existence in Greece show the use of the Doric order, although the Ionian may have been introduced into Asia Minor, or even into Greece itself, as early as the Doric, but we have no traces of it until a much later date. Shortly before the downfall of Greece the Corinthian order was introduced, but it did not reach the state of proficiency attained by the other orders. Probably the most beautiful example of Grecian architecture remaining is the Parthenon. It was built of solid white marble, the outside of the temple being in Doric style, while the interior was finished in Ionian. Its former beauty and grandeur surpasses the expression of words, and we can only realize by studying the ruins themselves what a triumph the Grecians attained.

The Greeks were not great builders, but they were supreme architects. With the exception of a few small monuments they have left us nothing besides their temples. In this system architecture was made to show all the grace, elegance, and beauty of which it was capable, just as in the Egyptian palaces and temples it had reached the highest point of sublimity. The Romans were in general only mediocre architects, but the Egyptians could alone compare with them as builders. The two form-principles united in Roman architecture are the Grecian columnar and Italian vaulted. The simple forms of Grecian architecture—the Doric and Ionian—were seldom used by the Romans, but instead the Corinthian column dominated, the rich foliated capital better expressed



the striving for splendor than the more geometrical forms of the other two orders. Roman architecture was characterized by the free use of vaulting. The oblong halls were capped with vaulted roofs producing rich combinations. The arch appears everywhere as an independent monument spanning the streets. That Roman architecture advanced very rapidly cannot be doubted from the fact that at a very early date the Roman empire was spanned with military roads and elaborate fortifications.

Between the Roman and Gothic styles of architecture there is a stepping stone which, though of comparatively small importance, should at least be mentioned. When, with great ingenuity, some architect brought the round top of the famous Roman arch to a point, he gave birth to a new form which, in less than a century, caused a complete revolution in architecture. This new form was named Romanesque; and, in turn, upon further development, became known as the famous Gothic style.

Gothic architecture, after crowding Europe with the beautiful and grand performances of its prime, and leaving to the world a heritage of wonders that is inexhaustible, was struck by decay, and died at last in the fifteenth century. Then came a period of degeneracy. The forms were rough, ugly, and incomplete. Not until the opening of the eighteenth century did architecture regain its former level. Then the Gothic, combined with other styles, went to form the nucleus of Modern Architecture.

For the past two centuries the world has made no strides in this art, no new styles invented or adopted. All the architecture of the present day, as for centuries past, is made up of combinations of the old styles. To better appreciate this, take a glance at the buildings of the Paris Exposition. The visitor, upon landing in France, will be surprised at the diversity of building forms, for there is no country so rich in forms of architecture as France. Still greater will be his surprise upon entering the fair grounds in Paris, for the forms are simply dazzling. But if one will take time and examine these

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carefully, he will find them to consist only of the simple rudimentary forms given the world by Greece, Rome, and the inventors of the Gothic style. He will find the Champ de Mars lined on either side by dreams of architecture, forests of spires, all wrought in Romanesque and Grecian styles combined. Servia's pavilion is of pure Romanesque from the cornerstone to its rounding turrets and domes. Passing from Servia's building north we come to the Art Palace, built entirely in Grecian columnar style, its halls and porticoes one maze of columns and all beautifully decorated in the most fascinating Grecian style.

But the world has become wearied of building, and with the exception of these bursts of glory, trifles only with brick and stone. For times are changed, and the zeal that once burned to build churches for the glory of God, the love of art that delighted to adorn them, are grown cold, and stir men no more. For nearly three hundred years not a single building has been erected in Europe that has original claim to admiration, or that would occasion the least regret by its loss. It is often brought as a reproach that man has long ceased to take delight in architecture. We are living in an era of revolution as striking and momentous as the race has ever seen, and men's faculties are everywhere busy with the present needs of time.

It may be well to remember that the triumphs of architecture have been won in building churches for worship that was suited to the infancy of civilization; in building palaces for rulers who subjected the people's ideas as the church had subjected their minds; and in other structures suited to social and political conditions that have passed away, apparently forever. The race is everywhere in fermentation, and when it has settled down into the new order, which will surely come out of the chaos, the building instinct and the delight in building, which are a part of the nature of man, will once more take up the task, and architecture will again be born.



# THE HIGH SCHOOL GIRL AS A CLUB WOMAN.

EMILY BELLEVILLE PUTNAM, '93.

ONE great purpose which was cherished by the founders of this nation, was the establishment of an educational system, so complete that a type of highly cultivated intellect might obtain among the entire American people. An outline of popular education was slowly developed, and every available resource was made tributary to this great purpose. As a result, we have today a public school system which, in many respects, is unrivaled in European nations. Few of the wise provisions of the nation's early architects command such respect as does the broad intelligence which insured this solid educational groundwork.

Perhaps, in no portion of this great country has the growth of this school system been more rapid and substantial than in Kansas, that precocious offspring of the Union, and with what a feeling of pride do we realize that Salina stands well at the head in the educational achievements of our State! So complete is our curriculum and so thorough is the course, that a graduate from our city schools is admitted to our colleges without examinations.

But to many of our high school girls, in fact, to most of them, the opportunity of a college course is denied. Many take up remunerative occupations, others become engrossed in domestic life and its accompanying duties. To give these the enjoyment of intellectual progress, is the function of the literary club. In the mind of almost every woman, there is an inherent desire for literary culture. The literary club translates this desire into something actual and practical.

Desultory reading cannot accomplish the best results. One may read a lifetime and without the contact with other congenial minds and the interchange of thought, miss the keenest enjoyment of intellectual growth.

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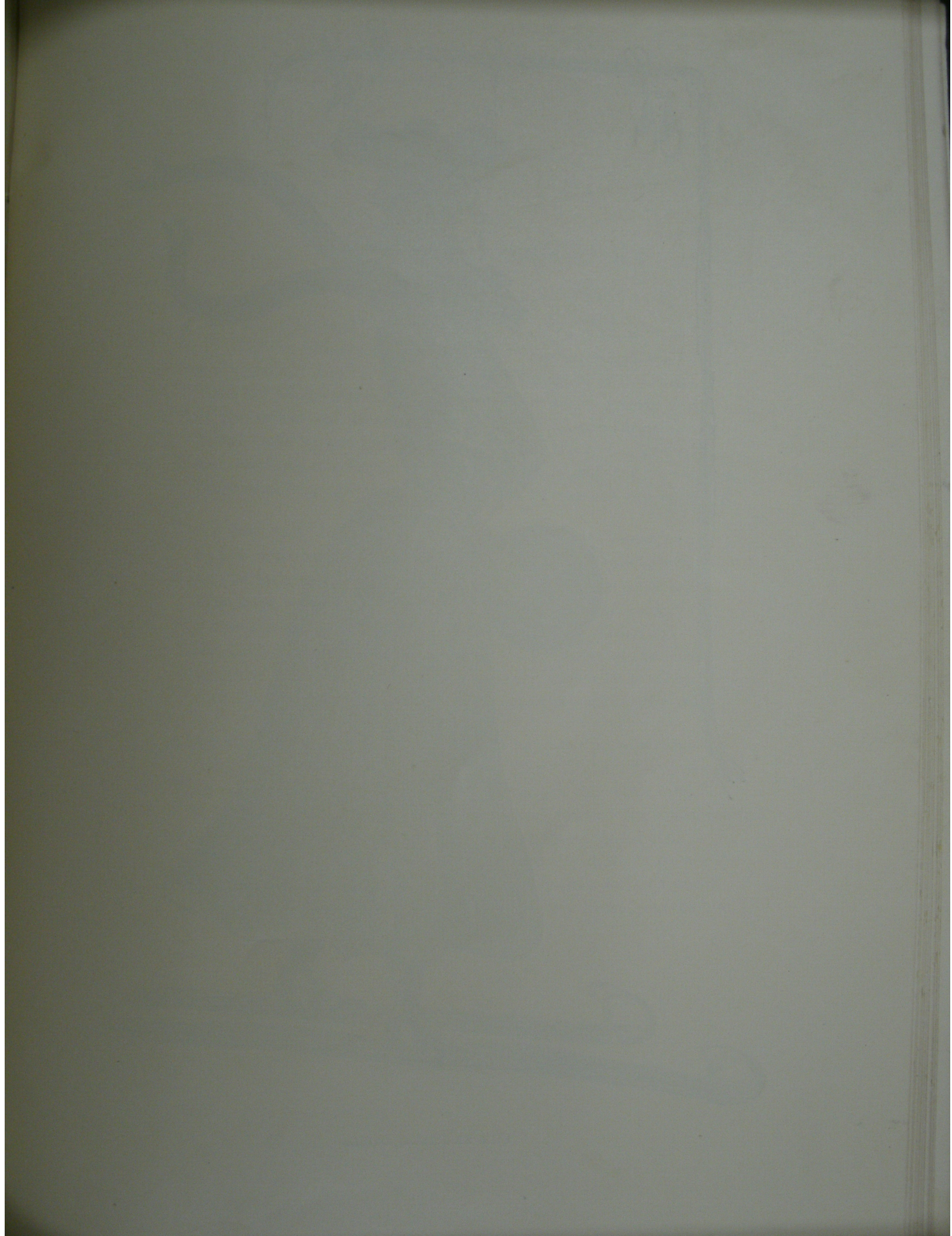
What the college is to the young woman of this generation the literary club is to that young woman's mother or her less fortunate sister, and succeeds the schoolwork as a logical sequence.

The club may have multiform lines of study but to every woman, it has an educative value. It means discriminate memory and easy modes of expression; it means fascinating research into all fields of literature and opens for us "by-ways from all the wellknown avenues of thought."

The work cannot be so engrossing as schoolwork was, for though the housekeeper may forget how to parse her Latin verbs, she *must* remember how much sour milk and soda go into gingerbread, and must keep the domestic planet in its orbit. The literary club beguiles woman from the too engrossing details of domestic life and lifts her above the pettiness of provincial limitation, by letting her see into the lives and minds that have made the history and literature of the world, and makes of her a more companionable wife and a mother to whose level her children will unconsciously ascend.











THE SKERING GIRL.



## WHO SHALL DECIDE?

BY GENEVIEVE M. RICE, '00.

ON a day in June  
By the billowy sea,  
Sat a "Senior" fair  
And her sweethearts three.  
And the tallest and strongest  
Stood close by her side,  
Now watching her face,  
Now watching the tide.

For a fear very deep  
In his heart had he,  
That the love he once owned  
Was now owned by three.  
For this kind of syndicate  
He disliked most to meet,  
Where the men were so gallant  
And the "Senior" so sweet.

They all were watching  
A boat small and frail,  
That moved aimlessly on,  
Without rudder or sail.  
"Your heart's like the boat,"  
He said, half in jest,  
"The wave dashing highest,  
Is the one you love best."

"Aye, let it be so,"  
Then chorused the two,  
"If it sinks in the eddies,  
Her heart goes to you.  
But if by good fortune  
It drifts to the shore,  
We may each try to win her,  
You can ask for no more."

In a mirthful mood,  
"Agreed," she cried,  
"We will watch the boat  
And it shall decide."  
So, intently watching,  
The hearts of the three  
Were violently throbbing  
As they sat by the sea.

When! lo on the waters  
The "Valiant" appeared  
It caught the small boat  
And toward the shore steered.  
"Goodbye, 'tis decided,  
And the sunlight grows dim,  
'Tis my dear father's yacht,  
And my heart goes to him."



## AN ESTIMATE OF TENNYSON.

BY MARY A. LUDLUM.

ALFRED TENNYSON is the brightest star of the Victorian Age. He is the most remarkable man of a remarkable time. One of

A glorious company, the flower of men,  
To serve as model for the mighty world.

More than Darwin, more than Gladstone, Browning or Longfellow; greater than scientist, statesman or poet, this sweet singer has concentrated the rays of a closing epoch, and stands as the representative man of his age. He is the mouth-piece of this glorious nineteenth century.

In this lies his transcendent worth. We delight in the bright descriptions, the homely narrative, and the treasured beauty of his flowing lines. The future will read beneath the calm dignity and measured rhythm of his idylls, the wonderful story of a catholic age—restless, complex, refined—and catch reflected there by the cunning of a poet's brain, pictures that focus the life of our tangled present, a nebulous, shifting, incongruous present, that now, reflecting the tints and shades, the hopes and misgivings, sees

The whole round earth is every way  
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God,

and now, in the language of despair, shrieks that

There lives more faith in honest doubt,  
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

It is "the spirit of this man in which the times do find themselves reflected." Dickens with a dramatic instinct, and an intensity rarely equalled, lived and suffered with the poor of London; and depicting their simple story has caused

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the heart of a careless world to throb in sympathy with misfortune. Thackeray in tones bitterly severe, notes of sarcasm worthy of Dean Swift, held up the snobbery of England's nobility to the contempt of two continents. Charles Darwin with the insight of true genius put a new version on nature's laws, and within a generation has changed the trend of current thought; attacked science in her deepest foundations, made startling conquests in the realms of the unknown, and given to the world of thought the priceless legacy of a new philosophy. Our own Longfellow has sung sweetly of the sea and his New England home; while the good Quaker poet, with a verve and a fire born of a new life, has fitly told the story of freedom and of slavery's night of moral death, pictured in telling phrase the forest primeval and the lonely aborigine of America.

All honor to the leaders, pioneers in the world of thought and song. But it must be conceded that all have wrought in some special sphere, and with the single exception of Charles Darwin, no one has profoundly stirred the depths of modern thought, or stands as a beacon-light, the reflection and interpreter of an age's history.

By the versatility of his genius, the delicacy of his touch, the penetration of his intellect, England's sweetest singer of modern times, stands crowned by common consent the true poet-seer. With an insight all but divine, he looked through a chaotic and turbulent present, and gleaning there the few universal truths—born to each epoch of expanding growth—fitted these to tuneful lay, and breathed over them the breath of a new life—modern thought.

Such is Tennyson, the poet-seer, the embodiment, rather the spirituality and the essence of that complex entity grasped by the concept modern times; and such is his position in the realm of literature, and his relation in the scheme of progress.

He is marked by time a distinct entity, a unique product, an inseparable factor of advanced thought; a connecting link from a revolutionary past to a future, uncertain, bewildering, about whose life no one would care to speculate. To grasp



Tennyson is to fathom the secrets, measure the progress and follow the trend of modern times. To know Tennyson is to stand in the background of fifty years—anxious, troublous, wildly progressive years, and read in imperishable form, their life's history.

Our poet is to the Victorian period what Milton was to the commonwealth. Who through the swelling notes and sublime scenes of *Paradise Lost* fails to detect the majestic form of Puritan England, intensely orthodox, austere, uncompromising. Milton, dignified, suffering, sublime, was the England of the seventeenth century. How different the England of Puritan times from the composite life of the English speaking race of today! So direct, so simple, when measured by the demands of modern culture, was the England fought for by Cromwell and suffered for by Milton.

*Paradise Lost* is lofty in sentiment, classic in severity, and in its setting of Puritanism singularly devoid of the complexities of a mature civilization, more like the religious Rome of patriotic days. Milton, the biblical scholar, the master of all the knowledge of his own and of ancient times—a stranger in a strange land—would read with halting steps the finer passages of *In Memoriam*, and miss the subtle charm of their inner spirit. We can readily picture with what pained surprise he who was wont to plunge “into the void profound, of unessential Night,” and see there “a thousand demigods on golden seats,” and their peerless king’ the colossal Satan,

High on a throne of royal state, which far  
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,

would read and re-read Tennyson's types and truths, and conquered years, of the “one far-off divine event,” “the Eternal process moving on,” and “I falter where I firmly trod.” Milton, with a poets' soul, would revel in these noble sentiments, but how puzzling to one fresh from empyrean heights and the communings of angels, and the garden of Eden of the seventeenth century, to appreciate such as:

They say  
The solid earth whereon we tread



In tracts of fluent heat began,  
And grew to seeming random forms,  
The seeming play of cyclic storms  
Till at last arose the man.

The poet has kept time with the scientist, whose plummet line has sunk deep in these later years. We are not what our fathers were. Two centuries of growth, of revolution and evolution, have borne heavily on the sons of men.

Milton and Tennyson, each lacking the finer touch of dramatic power, were all the more completely exponents of their times. The myriad-minded thousand-souled Shakespeare, the perfect dramatist and the greatest of them all, stands for no time. His unrivalled genius penetrated the Sibylline secrets of classic Greece; clad Rome in a garb of imperishable truth; taught the Moor to love and Venice to give up her secrets; created Iago, into whose wretched life one peers with feelings of awe and sublimity akin to gazing into infinity; gave to the world Hamlet, the Dane, "the paragon of men, the mystery of mysteries." Shakespeare is not England's; not of any time or race, or country; but the interpreter of universal truth, he belongs to universal man, and to all time.

On the other hand, Tennyson is as inseparable from his age as the Berlin Congress or the Crimean war. With the penetration of genius, he saw afar the dawning of the new day and recognized

The spirit of the years to come.

He appeared at a transitory period, but was undisturbed by the tremendous sweep of events that had just gone before. He became the harbinger of an era of peace. Revolutions of arms now gave way to revolutions in thought, and systems hallowed by the sacredness of time were loosed from their ancient moorings, and a new order succeeded.

No conflict ever so aroused nations, or more profoundly stirred the masses, as did that gloomy tragedy of history known as the French Revolution. From a fierce nascent



state, Revolution sprang, Minerva-like, full-fledged, into being and burst asunder the bonds of tradition. The people of England and the peasantry of Europe seemed ready to accept the new code, the equality of man, when the arbitress of nations on the field of Waterloo banished to the lonely island of St. Helena the dread apostle of Democracy, and gave to distracted Europe fifty years of peace. The downfall of Napoleon, while a seeming paradox in the evolution of liberty, gave to Europe a breathing spell, and made possible Tennyson, In Memoriam and Modern times.

The outburst of feeling that produced the days of terror and nerved a democracy to deeds of daring, cast a lurid glow over the fabric of society, and gave rise to a school of poets peculiarly revolutionary. Burns, the peasant poet, and the best of song writers, early told of the nobility of worth and

“A man’s a man, for a’ that.”

Even Sir Walter Scott, in his romantic legends and sweeping cantos bows in homage. Coleridge’s divine music hints of the “rights of man;” while the lives of Keats and Shelley are epics in honor of revolutionary teachings; and the contemplative Wordsworth “communing with the spirits of the wood and the misty mountain winds,” gives evidence of the upheaval that had shaken Europe and disturbed America.

Words in brief, fail to portray the brilliant, possibly insane author of Childe Harold, or to describe the fiery energy and sweep of his verse. The iconoclastic hand of this era rested heavily upon Lord Byron, the fitting representative of revolutionary fervor and excess. Tennyson, the reflective intellectual seer is not more the product of the breath of science than is the impetuous Byron the creation of the fierce spirit of revolution, Byron,

An awful chaos—light and darkness,  
And mind and dust, and passions and pure  
thoughts  
Mixed and contending, without end or order,  
All dormant or destructive.

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Tennyson the accurate artist, polished and sustained, rising not into empyrean heights, sinking not into sensuous depths, Tennyson, the believer in the universality of law is the antithesis of the gloomy, revolutionary Byron. Our poet's verse reflects not the rays of the setting sun, but is illuminated by the strong central orb of the coming era. The volcanic energies of the Byronic age, now tempered by cultured intellect, through a strange correlation of human forces, are made to apotheosize iconoclastic science, and do reverence to the universality of law; and there succeeds as one of the conclusions in this tale of human problems, a period less youthful, less enthusiastic and imaginative, more diffusive, more refined and mature—one that worshiping truth as greater than tradition, has shattered many an idol, and thinks

“Of forms less and the external; trusts the spirit  
As sovran nature does to make the form,  
For otherwise we only imprison spirit  
And not embody.”

However we approach this equation—Tennyson and his times—the terms remain consistent and equal. Both members, if not creative, if not distinctively imaginative and orthodox, are sober, reflective, reverent, religious; are fresh from the laboratory of Nature's God, warmly humanistic, and bear the marks of a strong originality; by the author of history are decreed to appear in the story of man a decisive chapter of great moment, which shall

“On, like the comet's way thro' unmeasured time  
A long untraveled path of life  
Into the depths of ages.”

Let us now turn more especially to Tennyson, remembering in the meantime he is but one member of an equation, that he has struck the deepest chord of the century, and that in his pictures breathes the life, and dwells the immortal part of a distinct phase of human growth.

Who since Shakespeare has struck notes so varied and



diverse? With wondrous effect is the sea yoked to sweet harmony, and made to record in a subdued key, surcharged with the deep undertone of humanity, one of the many tragedies of life,

“Break, break, break,  
On thy cold, gray stones, O sea!  
And would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.

Tennyson was the embodiment of his century. His century looks into the wondrous past and “sees itself in all it sees.” No one since Shakespeare has seen further. The landscape of the past was his possession. An analysis of the breadth of his genius cannot be attempted, a touch here and there must suffice.

He, like his age, was intellectual. Few authors stand so well the test of ultimate analysis. The nebulous creations and shadowy outlines in the poet's brain, resolve themselves into the finished orb and shine with sunlight clearness. Beneath the splendor of his pictures, the dreamy outlines of his figures, flooded with beauty, and bewildering in profession, there is always the intellectual element. The strong search-light of analysis reveals beneath the witcheries of the poet's art, noumena of intellectual worth. Unlike Shelley and Keats, the laureate deals with the flesh and blood of the intellect, around which and over which, with infinite care is breathed a new life of oriental splendor or idyllic beauty. However tinted, however spiritualized, it is not luster only, and he who reads our poet, and catches not the deep undertone beneath Tennysonian rhythm, who sees not the intellectual, reads to but little purpose.

Possessing his age's instinct of Western aggression, our poet loved to cull from Indian fields the passive side of man. The Lotos Eaters is Tennysonian with an oriental flavor; an enchanted land pervaded by a dreamy luxurious haze, a land where all things always seem the same, and where

There is music sweet that softer falls  
Than petals from blown roses on the grass.



Who but a spirit bathed in the philosophy of Brahma could breathe

Death is the end of life : ah, why  
Should life all labor be?  
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,  
And in a little while our lips are dumb.  
Let us alone. What is it that will last?  
All things are taken from us, and become  
Portions and parcels of the dreadful past.  
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave  
In silence ; ripen fall and cease :  
Give us long rest, or death, dark death or  
dreamful ease.

Tennyson, with progressing years, more and more outgrew the personal and realized himself in the universal. Yet he were not a typical citizen of his century, were he unmoved by the martial air of England. His ambitious attempt at patriotic song is the ode to the Duke of Wellington, the last great Englishman, who stood "four-square to every martial wind that blows, and gained a hundred fights nor ever lost an English gun."

So broad, and progressive, and free—no one has stood more in the shadow of the past. He reverences England's tradition, her Nelsons and her Cromwells, her Waterloo and Trafalgar; and he sings

There is no land like England  
Where'er the light of day be ;  
There are no hearts like English hearts,  
Such hearts of oaks as they be.  
There is no land like England  
Where'er the light of day be ;  
There are no wives like English wives,  
So fair and chaste as they be.  
There is no land like England  
Where'er the light of day be ;  
There are no maids like English maids,  
So beautiful as they be.



In warlike notes he alludes to us as,

The gigantic daughter of the West,

and cries

O rise our strong Atlantic sons,  
When war against our freedom springs!  
O speak to Europe thro' your guns;  
They can be understood by kings.

He trusted not the treacherous councils of Europe, and  
exclaimed

There is a storm of thunder afar,  
Storm in the south that darkens the day,  
Storm of battle and thunder of war,  
Well if it do not roll our way.  
Form! Form! riflemen form!  
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!  
Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen, form!  
Be not deaf to the sound that warns!  
Be not gulled by a despot's plea!  
Are figs of thistles, or grapes of thorns?  
How should a despot set men free?

The magnificent creation of fancy is the Pandemonium of Milton—an edifice that stately, out of the riches of hell, rose like an exhalation. Its roof was of fretted gold, while upon Doric pillars overlaid with golden architrave, shone starry lamps that glittered as from skies. This was the high capital of Satan and his peers, where sceptered angels held their residence, and met in solemn conclave. Here Satan exalted sat, here a thousand demigods on golden seats, and spirits “thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa”—but among these princes of darkness, in these deep tracts of hell there is never a hint of woman.

In Tennyson's edifice of the nineteenth century, woman exalted sits. It is a gallery that to produce, well may the long, unnumbered ages of the past have lived.

In the portrayal of woman our poet yields only to the in-



comparable Shakespeare. His are womanly women of homely virtues and queenly dignity. They are the flower of mellow England, the fruitage of an idyllic civilization, plucked from castle and ancient hall, culled from hillside and moorland and seashore—Lady Shalott, Clara Vere de Vere, Eleanor, Oenone, Dora—a long array, not Desdemonas, or Rosalinds or Lady Macbeths; not the dramatic creations of tempestuous history, but portraits of sublimated worth, fit to adorn the poetic album of the captious nineteenth century.

Note the exquisite touches, the prettinesses so coy as half to elude the eye beholding, in such portraits as *Melissa*:

A rosy blonde and in a college gown  
That clad her like an April daffodilly,  
(Her mother's color) with her lips apart,  
And all her thoughts as fair within her eyes,  
As bottom agates seen to wave and float,  
In crystal currents of clear morning seas.

Again how clear the stroke:

A rosebud set with little wilful thorns  
And sweet as English air could make her.

Tennyson deals with worth. He saw, everywhere, beauty and plan in the universal. The waves on the shores of his time whispered divine music to his soul. The froth he heeded not. His women will delight while love and sympathy and modest worth remain a heritage to the race; but the nineteenth-century girl, no hint of her is heard. With what felicitous touches and incisive strokes is her counterpart drawn:

Woman is not undeveloped man,  
But diverse; could we make her as the man  
Sweet love were slain; his dearest bond is this  
Not like to like, but like in difference,  
Yet in long years, liker must they grow;  
The man be more of woman, she of man,  
Till at last she set herself to man  
Like perfect music into noble words,



And so these twain upon the skirts of Time  
 Sat side by side, full-summed in all their powers  
 Dispensing harvest, sowing the to-be,  
 Self-reverent each, and reverencing each  
 The two-celled heart, beating with one full stroke,  
 Life.

All the world loves a story teller. Chaucer is the unequalled story writer of English verse. The Idyls, Locksley Hall, and Enoch Arden bear evidence to Tennyson's worth in this role.

Burns breathed out in strains of sweetest melody the song of humble humanity. All in all Tennyson, is, perhaps the best story writer in the history of literature; and, like Shakespeare, delights to intersperse among his more pretentious verses, here and there, a sparkling song. Perhaps the happiest of these efforts is:

The splendor falls on castle walls,  
 And snowy summits old in story.  
 The long light shakes along the lakes,  
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

Possibly Tennyson has penned no finer lines. Like Holmes in the Chambered Nautilus he has even surpassed himself. With this may be associated the lyrical snatches, bright gems of song, Ring out wild bells to the wild skies, The Charge of the Light Brigade, and the Brook beginning with

I steal by lawns and grassy plots  
 I slide by hazel covers,

and closing with the lines,

And out again, I curve and flow  
 To join the brimming river  
 For men may come and men may go,  
 But I go on forever.

A companion song, "Break, break, break," lingers in memory and fills our better moments with a fragrance of



other things. It is resplendent with the glory of sound, exquisite in color, and sparkles a gem of eternal truth. In it the personal blends into the universal, the tenderness of youth melting into the mellowness of age.

Break, break, break,  
 On thy cold gray stones, O sea!  
 And I would that my tongue could utter  
 The tho'ts that arise in me.  
 O well for the fisherman's boy  
 That he shouts with his sister at play;  
 O well for the sailor lad,  
 That he sings in his boat on the bay;  
 And the stately ships go on  
 To the haven under the hill;  
 But O for the touch of a vanished hand  
 And the sound of a voice that is still;  
 Break, break, break,  
 At the foot of thy crags O sea!  
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
 Will never come back to me.

He is touched by the hand of sorrow, and nature and the melody of nature, with a solemn swell and the "desolate dash" of the sea flows into the soul of man.

The Danube to the Severn gave  
 The darkened heart that beat no more.  
 They laid him by the pleasant shore  
 And in the hearing of the wave.  
 The Wye is hushed nor moves along,  
 And hushed my deepest grief of all,  
 When filled with tears that cannot fall,  
 I brim with sorrow drowning song.  
 The tide flows down, the wave again  
 Is vocal in its wooded walls;  
 My deeper anguish also falls,  
 And I can speak a little then.

Nature, next to man, is nearest to the heart of the poet. Tennyson's nature is unique, and has no counterpart in the book of poesy. It sprang from a science philosophy, and

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is true to its science teachings. His is a poet's world of the senses, sublime, delicate, marvelously true!

Wordsworth, with the insight of a transcendentalist, saw nature and man as the two children of one loving God. He held communion with the light of setting suns, and the round ocean and the living air, and, with a sense sublime caught, with a poet's ear, "The still sad music of humanity." Alone with nature,

Like the Chaldeans, he could watch the stars  
Till he had peopled them with beings bright  
As their own beams.

Byron, too, believed in her as a thing of life. Night was to him a loved friend,

And in her starry shade  
Of dim and solitary loveliness,  
He learned the language of another world.

His philosophy breathes the reality of a pleasure in "the pathless woods, a rapture on the lonely shore," and in

'Tis midnight; on the mountains brown  
The cold round moon shines deeply down;  
Blue rolls the waters; blue the sky  
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,  
Bespangled with the isles of light.  
The waves on either shore lay there  
Calm, clear, and azure as the air.

How different the nature world of our science poet. A new philosophy now enters the Muses' charmed circle. There is not its like from old Homer to the modern Swinburne. Through law, through eternal process moving on, he saw nature as an "earthly song, a jarring lyre, a discordant note." With a wavering cry, he sings of her, "red in tooth and claw," and queried, "Are God and nature then at strife, that nature lends such fearful dreams," and wondered, what of "creations final law," and of "Man, her last work, who seemed so fair, such splendid purpose in his eye," "would he

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be blown about the sky, or sealed within the iron hills."

Again, with a grander sweep, he stood above the misty mountain ground of science's great century, and looking beyond, reached a higher height, a deeper deep, than was dreamed of in the philosophy of a simpler day.

He spoke to prophetic geology, and caught the deep intonations of

The sound of streams that swift or slow  
Draw down Aeonian hills, and sow  
The dust of continents to be;

and pictured,

The solid earth whereon we tread  
In tracks of fluid heat began,  
And grew to seeming random forms,  
The seeming play of cyclic storms,  
Till at the last arose the man.

He communed with astronomy and we

Take wings of fancy and ascend  
And in a moment set our face  
Where all the starry heavens of space  
Are sharpened to a needle's point.

There is in this science nature of our poet, the immeasurable of time and space, the accurate, the wondrously sublime and terrible. In these flights through eternal landscapes, he is touched by the twilight of eternal days; and, haunted by the phantom of decay, dreamed that nature's ancient power is dead, that a "web is woven across the sky;" and divining the deep purpose of nature saw dying suns, and our own sun "the very source and fount of day, is dashed with wandering isles of night."

He did a great work nobly. His nature is Urania treading the Master's field, bearing the sublime force of the new aeons, the million million suns, the measureless space, the finite-infinite time, while over all falls the billowy splendor of Tennysonian beauty.



Tennyson is always vivid and condensed, and at times microscopic as well as telescopic. Like Scott he paints with minute fidelity, as—

Some blue peaks in the distance rose,  
And white against the cold white sky,  
Shone out their crowning snows;  
One willow over the river wept,  
And shook the waves as the wind did sigh;  
Above the wind was the swallow,  
Chasing itself at its own wild will;  
And far thro' the marish green and still  
The tangled water-courses slept,  
Shot over with purple and green and yellow.

Again note the wonderful blending of botany with poetry and beauty,

Lo! in the middle of the wood  
The folded leaf is wooed from out the bud  
With winds upon the branch, and there,  
Grows green and broad, and takes no care  
Sun-steeped at noon, and the moon  
Nightly dew-fed, and turning yellow,  
Falls and floats adown the air.  
Lo! sweetened with the summer light  
The full-juiced apple waxing over mellow  
Drops in a silent summer night.

The laureate has surcharged poetry with the spirit of science, is faithful and minute in analysis, but is never so Tennysonian as when nature is yoked to humanity, and made to reflect the heart of man. His storms are the troubled spirit of the human race.

Tonight the winds began to rise,  
And roar from yonder dropping day;  
The last red leaf is whirled away,  
And rooks are blown about the sky;  
The forest cracked, the waters curled  
And cattle huddled on the lea,  
And wildly dashed on tower and tree  
The sunbeam strikes along the world.



The same landscape in the morning, changing with the changing mood become a

Calm and deep peace on this high wold  
And on these dews that drench the furze  
And all the silvery gossamers  
That twinkle into green and gold.  
Calm and still light on yon great plain  
That sweeps with all its autumn bowers  
To mingle with the bounding main.

Our artist sees with the senses a flower in the crannied wall; in the background of the soul rises man and infinity.

Flower in the crannied wall  
I pluck you out of the crannies,  
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,  
Little flower—but if I could understand  
What you are root and all and all in all  
I should know what God and man is.

He knew the soul of his century and of man. His nature sketches are

Short swallow flights of song that dip  
Their wings in tears and skim away.

Science, wars, women, songs half divine, creeds, philosophies, theology, idyls and lyrics, epics of heroic mold, tragedies of common life—the essence of human experience borne from the countless ages of a past, upon the swelling tide of a rising present—Tennyson, a medley like his times baffles treatment. A picture here and there is all that dare be essayed.

The Idyls of the King wrought out with curious care from the romance land of the North people is the only great epic poem since Milton and the commonwealth. In Memoriam, however, the poem of the century, is Tennyson's masterpiece. This is the noblest mausoleum erected in these walls of time; and so touched by the loving hand of genius, as to defy the dust of ages. The Greek god brought fire from



heaven for the use of mortals. Here poetry has filched from nature a guarded secret, and parts blend into an expanding whole worthy of the genius of cell-life.

In Memoriam grew through seventeen years. It is the history of a soul; an analysis of the philosophy of grief, subdued by the vast harmonies of a world beyond the senses. The story of a soul, it is yet more, the nineteenth century, in the throes of doubt, "near the shadow feared of man," and emerging into the life of a fuller time, speculating concerning the weightiest problems that obtrude themselves upon the mind of man. With the gathered knowledge of the old philosophies, reverencing faith, fearlessly trusting truth, tinged with the doctrine of the new evolution, it looks upon these problems of man from the vantage ground the furthest, in the light of conquests the grandest the race has yet made—and inquiringly verifies the purpose of eternal God. It is the reflection of a strong mind standing in the presence of immutable law, oppressed by tho'ts of an infinite power; a resolute mind regarding truth, and realizing, that while looking, it blends off and becomes a part of infinity.

Literature in all her volumes vast furnishes no parallel to the sweetly solemn truths of this noble poem, set to the of sweet symphonies, and glowing with the music fires of the new philosophy. There is no poem, not even the Paradise Lost and Regained that approaches the accurate grasp and depth of vision of In Memoriam. It is the penetrating gaze of modern science divining unerring law, noting the "steps of time, the shocks of chance," watching the eternal process moving on, teaching that "nothing walks with aimless feet," justifying nature, even death "Who keeps the keys of all the creeds."

He escaped from the web of the past, he sang in the light of the present. Science tho' stumbling on the "great world's altar stairs" was to him a direct revelation of "That God who ever lives and loves."

In all, he is majestic, catholic, human. Milton dealt with powers and dominions, cataracts of fire, Elysian fields, and



sacred song. Tennyson's heaven is the greater space, the larger opportunity hinted by science; and his friend who dwells within God, "far off but ever nigh," refined, spiritualized, progressive, is the "breather of an ampler clay."

In *Memoriam* passes through all gradations. It begins with the loss of a friend and ends with the sorrow of the world; it opens with the particular and concludes in the universal. At first, he touched "a jarring lyre, at last he "beat his music out." Its philosophy at times seems to halt and doubt—"a web is woven across the sky," it falters where it firmly trod. This is but the reflection of the generation to which he was so true. It is sincerity facing truth, humanity questioning, speculating, wondering; seeing but in part, looking from the narrow of earth toward infinite horizons, and blinded by the gaze. Maturity of intellect succeeds unquestioned youth. His philosophy takes on the vast, and our poet lives in a world all but timeless and spaceless. His system now comprehends that "many a planet by many a sun may roll with the dust of a measured race;" and views the petty trials of man, as the "troubles of ants in the gleam of a million million suns," and wonders if the final conclusion is "to be swallowed in vastness, lost in silence, drowned in the depths of a meaningless past." This philosophy, too, touched the drama of history with a new poetic power, for "he dipt into the future far as human eye could see, saw the vision of the world and all the wonder that could be;" and dreamed of Titan forces taking birth, of vast republics, and a federated world.

His philosophy is clear, consistent, intensely religious. Nature is a phantom dwelling on these shores of time. We do not understand her. Behind science

Gleams that untraveled land whose margin fades,  
Forever and forever, when I move.

Matter has had a beginning, is not eternal. Mind, emerging from the pure ethereal stream, whose fountains, who can tell, has dwelt from eternity; for, from over the gates of birth, come murmurs, a whisper from the dawn of life



Lost and gone, lost and gone!  
 A breath, a whisper—some divine farewell—  
 Desolate sweetness—far and far away—  
 What had he loved, what had he lost, the boy?  
 I know not, and I speak of what has been.

To this great deep of spirit oriental in origin, Tennysonian in setting, again and again he recurs.

It was the Abysm of all abysms, beneath, within  
 The blue of sky and sea, the green of earth,  
 It touched him with its mystic gleams  
 Like glimpses of forgotten dreams.

How "stately and mystic" the sublimity, how tender  
 the human element!

Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,  
 Where all that was to be, in all that was,  
 Whirled for a million aeons thro' the vast  
 Waste dawn of multitudinous-eddy light.  
 Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,  
 From that great deep, before our world begins,  
 Whereon the spirit of God moves as he will.  
 Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,  
 From that true world within the world we see  
 Whereof our world is but the bounding shore,  
 Out of the deep, spirit, out of the deep.

This gross, hardseeming world, he thought a phantasm  
 of our misshapen vision, and, he would "live by law, acting  
 the law we live by without fear;" and because "right is right  
 to follow right, were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

His philosophy taught a personal, future existence.

Somehow, somewhere, a soul shall draw from out the  
 vast, and strike his being into bounds, and from this immortal  
 essence, develop into "other than the things I touch."

So rounds he to a separate mind  
 From whence clear memory may begin,  
 As thro' the frame that binds him in  
 His isolation grows defined.



Crossing the bar and returning home,

Eternal form shall still divide  
The eternal soul from all beside.

There are friends in that spirit-land,

Silent voices of the dead,  
Toward the lowland ways behind me,  
And the sunlight that is gone! Call me not,  
Call me rather, silent voices,  
Forward to the starry track,  
Glimmering up the heights beyond me,  
On, and always on!

Of the future, this stern interpreter who found the soul of a science time has filled a world with its music and beauty, and truth and hope.

Who that has read the Crossing of the Bar will not breath a silent prayer that the dream of this noble soul has been realized; that with the "Pilot face to face," in tenses that are wholly past, he sings

Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me;  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea.

But with

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark;  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark;

For tho' from out our borne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crossed the bar.

The century found Tennyson, and the equation is complete. The century vibrating with Tennysonian music, this proud, intellectual giant, rejoicing in the gathered wisdom



of a human race is melted by the fervent heat of simple faith,  
is but—

An infant crying in the night,  
An infant crying for a light,  
And with no language but a cry,

and at the knee of the infinite Father breathes

I can but trust that good shall fall,  
At last—far off—at last to all,  
And every winter change to spring.

The century that climbed the sublime heights of science,  
and read deeply from the book of knowledge, chanted as conclusion

And he, shall he,  
Man her last work, who seemed so fair.  
With splendid purpose in his eyes  
Who rolled the psalm to wintry skies,  
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer  
Who loved, who suffered countless ills,  
Who battled for the True and Just,  
Be blown about the desert dust  
Or sealed within the iron hills?  
No more? A monster then a dream,  
A discord. Dragons of the prime,  
That tare each other in the slime,  
Were mellow music matched with him.  
O life as futile then as frail!  
O for thy voice to sooth and bless!  
What hope of answer or redress;  
Behind the vail, behind the vail.

Into the silent land our friend has gone. The most sweetly solemn words of man—"Behind the vail, behind the vail." Trusting humanity in childlike simplicity, catching the refrain, echoes "Behind the vail, behind the vail;" while the great strong heart of our century made immortal by a master mind, bearing the message on from soul to soul, to the centuries to come, shall still echo—"Behind the vail, behind the vail."



## WHEREABOUTS OF THE ALUMNI AND ALUMNÆ, MAY 1900.

### CLASS OF '78.

Arthur Day is a professional artist and resides in New York City.

Maggie Rash, now Mrs. F. C. Miller, has her home at Portland, Oregon. She makes an annual visit to Salina, and retains all the ardor of former years in school associations. Her charming letters are a feature at Alumni meetings.

### CLASS OF '79.

Christie Campbell is the wife of N. H. Loomis a successful lawyer of Topeka, Kansas.

Hilda Johnson is now Mrs. Obey, and lives on a farm near Salina.

Lillie E. Clarkson, now Mrs. Hereford, resides at Odessa, Mo.

Rousseau A. Burch is a prominent lawyer of the city. He holds the degree of L. L. B. from Michigan University. His professional practice extends to all parts of the state. Mr. Burch is versatile and progressive. He has made exhaustive research in scientific studies, particularly in biology. He is a diligent student of general literature. He retains an interest in school affairs, and was the first president of the Alumni association.

### CLASS OF '80.

Mary Campbell married N. H. Loomis, Topeka, and died June 12, 1888.

### CLASS OF '81.

Horace Jennerson, to vary the list of occupations, is a teacher in an Indian school, Dakota.

Vina Waldron is now Mrs. Rodenbush, Saline County, Kansas.

Cora M. Jennerson is married and resides in Denver.

Amanda Morrison died of typhoid fever, Feb. 6, 1882, and was buried in the city of the dead east of Salina.

Lillie Waldron is Mrs. Locker and lives on a farm in Saline county.

### CLASS OF '82.

William Bishop, at the call to arms, left a good law practice, was chosen captain of a Salina company of volunteers, and through ability and bravery on the field of action, was advanced to major. Upon the return home of the Twentieth he re-enlisted, and is now serving as major in the 36th Infantry, U. S. V.

Geo. M. Hull is an enterprising business man of Salina. He is at present connected with the Crippen, Lawrence Investment Co. He is an active member of the board of education, and was deeply interested in securing the new high school building.



William Campbell is interested in the Crippen, Lawrence Investment Co., and resides in Denver, Colorado.

Anna Wooley is now Mrs. Will Stolz, of Oklahoma.

Alice Randall married T. A. Page, a real estate man of Kansas City, Mo.

#### CLASS OF '83.

Lulu M. Hine is now Mrs. Jamison and resides in Topeka, Kansas.

Carrie B. Ober is now Mrs. Stanley, of Isleford, Missouri.

Alfred S. Dewitt holds the position of stenographer in the U. S. Land Office at Guthrie, Oklahoma.

Narcissa DePriest's address is Topeka, Kansas.

Jennie Waldron married Joe L. Armstrong, formerly county superintendent, and has a pleasant home, boys, girls and goodly acres, a few miles out from Salina.

John L. Bishop is the genial superintendent of the Salina Water Works Co. John retains all the elements of good nature and fun that once were his, with numerous additions. He is one of the boys at Alumni meetings.

#### CLASS OF '84.

Laura Peck married W. P. Quinby and makes her home in Chicago.

Katherine Eberhardt is an accomplished musician and instructor of instrumental music in the Kansas Wesleyan University.

#### CLASS OF '85.

Mary Bishop is stenographer for E. R. Holmes & Co., and active in all school affairs.

Maggie Campbell's name is Mrs. George M. Hull. No more pleasant home than theirs is to be found in Salina. Mrs. Hull's enterprise includes school and church duties.

Bessie Giller married W. H. Williamson, a farmer. They live near Trenton, Kansas.

#### CLASS OF '86.

Ella Sturtevant is Mrs. I. S. Bowers, of Salina. Mrs. Bowers is proficient in music. Her talks at Alumni meetings are noticeably good.

Charles Burch, of the firm of Burch & Burch, is a prominent lawyer of Salina. At the last election he was chosen county attorney of his county and has made an able and successful official. He holds the degree of A. M. from the Kansas Wesleyan University and the degree of L. L. B. from Michigan University.

Ed Powers holds the responsible position of cashier of one of the large National Banks in Chicago, Ill.

Mary Sheriff is now Mrs. Foster of Ellsworth, Kansas.

Effie Whitehead has joined fortunes with E. R. Tuttle, of Kansas City, Mo.



## CLASS OF '87.

H. L. Prescott occupies the chair of argumentative composition and oratorical debate in Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

F. C. Prescott is professor of English literature in Cornell University, Ithaca, New York. Mr. Prescott and his brother spend a portion of their summer vacation in Salina.

Clarence Wight is cashier of Crippen, Lawrence Investment Co. Mr. Wight is the president of the Alumni Association and retains a strong interest in education affairs.

James Hine is married and lives at Colorado Springs.

Orestes Hopkins is prosecuting attorney of Rice county, Kansas.

Anna R. Jennerson married Mr. Fahring a farmer living near Gypsum, Kansas. The pall of a clouded reason has settled upon a bright nature and thrown a dark shadow over a happy home.

## CLASS OF '88.

Frank Vale and Zoa Teague by the marriage vow extended class associations to a union for life. They live at Santa Paula, California.

Ida Dihle is in the employ of the Salina Mercantile Co.

Amalia Gradwohl married D. Steinberg, a traveling salesman, and lives in Kansas City, Mo.

## CLASS OF '89.

Nora Hine resides in Colorado Springs, Colo.

Charles Cunningham resides at Colorado Springs, Colo.

Charlotte Watson's address is Norwalk, Ohio. She is engaged in teaching music.

Laura Lloyd is happily situated as the presiding genius over the home of Mr. Chas. Hubbard, a successful business man of Salina.

Maude Kessler is stenographer at the Lee Mercantile Co., Salina.

Harper J. Cunningham is located at Kansas City, Mo.

Edith M. Sampson studied vocal music with specialists at Boston, Milwaukee and Seattle. She at present instructs classes at Leavenworth and Kansas City. Her musical talent has attracted much attention.

## CLASS OF '90.

Fred Blodgett is closely attentive to the business of the Pacific and the U. S. Express Co., Salina, Kansas.

Anna Ekstrand is assistant secretary of the Salina Cement Plaster Co., Salina, Kansas.

Grace Wellington is an accomplished musician of Salina.

## CLASS OF '91.

Eva Henning is Mrs. Walters, of Kansas City, Mo.

Lizzie Lapp taught for a number of years in the Salina schools and is this year attending the State Normal in California.

Grace Holland is teaching a fourth grade in the Salina schools.



## CLASS OF '92.

Emma Simpkins is teaching the first primary department at Second Ward. She has been connected with the Salina schools seven years and holds a state certificate.

Leslie Gray is located at Salina and is doing well in the insurance and loan business. He is secretary and manager of the Homestead Building and Loan Ass'n.

Lida Watson is a teacher in the city schools of Norwalk, Ohio.

Fannie Decker was graduated from Vassar, and now lives in New York City. She is a specialist in music.

Cora Miller was for a number of years with Crane & Co. and now lives at Seneca.

Lulu Gibbs is attending college at Pittsburg, Pa.; is now at the home of her parents in Pittsburg, Pa.

Hannah Ekstrand married Frank Gardner, a clothing merchant of Salina.

Blanche Clarkson is Mrs. Evans, Kansas City, Mo.

## CLASS OF '93.

Charles D. Sorter is employed in the U. S. mail service at Salina.

Harriet Mapes is now Mrs. Hofer, of Higginsville, Mo.

Claude Switzer is bookkeeper at Sherman's ranch, Geneseo, Kansas.

Eva Cunningham, now Mrs. McClung, resides at Cripple Creek, Colo.

Anna Abel is instructing in the Kansas State University of which she is a graduate.

Charlotte Dodge taught three years in the Salina schools and is at present in the employ of the Natural Body Brace Co. She holds a State certificate.

Lillian Markland taught for a time in the Salina schools, and later married W. B. Stevenson, a clothing merchant of Salina.

Maude Mills married Vivian Hilton, a traveling salesman, and lives at Lincoln, Kans.

Emily Belleville married E. J. Putnam, of the Crippen, Lawrence Investment Co. A well-written article from the pen of Mrs. Putnam appears in this Magazine.

Edith Wight is Mrs. O. P. Meloy, of Joplin, Mo. Mr. Meloy is secretary and treasurer of the Globe Publishing Co.

Marian Steck is a teacher in the Salina schools.

Evaleen Dolan resides in San Francisco.

Lizzie Berg is Mrs. Will Wilson, of Kansas City, Mo.

Ola Ridings is a teacher in Saline county, address Salina.

Lizzie DePriest, is the wife of Mr. Jeltz, and resides at Topeka

Grace Weld is at home at Salina, Kansas.

Will Blair is attending a Chicago Theological Seminary.



Arthur White is stenographer for a business firm in Salina.  
Homer Weaver is a clerk in the post office, Salina.  
Mary Armstrong married Mr. Purcell who recently died. Her address is Salina.

CLASS OF '94.

Mayme Addison is a teacher in the city schools Lawrence, Kansas.  
Bertha Bradley resides at St. Joe, Mo.  
Arline Dodge and Anna Hogben are teachers in the Salina schools.  
Stella Miller is now Mrs. Frank Gane, Junction City, Kansas.  
Lansing Mitchell, died March 23, 1899. He had spent three years in the State University, and was at the time of his death an abstracter for T. D. Fitzpatrick.

Lillian Mucklow married P. Spencer, an electrician, and lives in Poughkeepsie.

Maude Prescott is attending Smith College, Mass.  
Nell Radcliff is Mrs. E. D. Dunning, Concordia, Kansas.  
Alla Ransom is the wife of Chas. Berg, Salina.  
Louise Simpkins is teaching in the public schools of Salina.  
Blanch Slawson, now Mrs. Walthal, resides at Osawatomie.  
Ida Weaver is Mrs. Butler.

CLASS OF '95.

Thos. Anderson lives on a farm near Salina.  
Elizabeth Cumbow is at home in Salina.  
Eli Dessery is head clerk in L. A. Will's bookstore.  
Frank Eberhardt is in the employ of Eberhardt Lumber Co.  
Bruce Gemmill is manager of Mo. and Kans. Telephone Co., Abilene, Kas.

Alice Hemphill is Mrs. Eb. Hunter of Junction City, Kansas.  
Estelle Nothstein is bookkeeper in R. E. Lovitt Grocery Co., Salina, Kansas.

Lizzie Sorter is in employ of F. B. Cowles Tea Co., Salina.  
Daisy Bush is at home, Salina.  
Eugenia De Priest teaching in city schools Manhattan, Kansas.  
May Dow and Margaret Hartman are teachers in the Salina schools.  
Lulu Garverich is Mrs. Ralph Weed, Salina.  
Emma Neff, Fannie Ransom and Minnie York are at home, Salina.

CLASS OF '96.

Lena Abel and Rosa Abel are attending the State University.  
Nellie Seitz, Isi Weaver, Grace Tuthill, Lida Vernon and Maude York at home, Salina.

Irene Switzer taught school in Saline county.  
Herbert Blair is attending Park College, Mo. He won first place in a state oratorical contest.



Clifton Dodge and Kate Gemmill are students at the Kansas Wesleyan University. Miss Kate will complete senior year June, 1900.

Grace Hogben is the wife of H. E. Daniels, a traveling salesman, Salina, Kansas.

Ralph Hiller, pharmacist, is in the employ of F. K. Ekstrand.

Henry Harvey, a dentist, is practicing in Salina.

John Woodward attended State University and Wesleyan Business College.

#### CLASS OF '97.

Will Valien is employed in the Farmers' Bank, Salina.

Howard Seiver took a course in the Wesleyan Business College and is now in the employ of R. E. Lovitt & Co.

Lulu Seiver spent the year taking a business course.

Ed. Harvey and Fred Fitzpatrick are students in the Wesleyan, Salina.

Gertrude Beagle, Lulu Barritt and Rhoda Dedman are teachers.

Lillian Forsse is pursuing musical studies in Chicago.

Alice Hamner is in the employ of the O. M. B. A.

Alice Dow, Verna Weaver and Grace See are at home in Salina.

Sanford Holmquist is a student in Ann Arbor, Mich.

#### CLASS OF '98.

Kate Rising is at home in Salina, pursuing music studies.

Maude Pinkham is teaching in Oklahoma.

Ted Haggart is a clerk in P. A. Brown's Furnishing store.

#### CLASS OF '99.

Bess M. Crisman, Alice Moore, Lydia Ekstrand, Trilla Cadwell and Adelaide Todd have taught successful schools the past year.

Olive M. Strite, soon after commencement, married Edgar Wheeler, a farmer, and lives at Reece, Greenwood Co., Kans.

Leila Sudendorf is book-keeper in her father's lumber yard.

Dorothy Crisman has been clerking for Joiner & Co., and is now attending the Normal University, Salina.

Maude McGill is a student at the Wesleyan University, Salina.

Ralph Seaman is a printer employed in the REPUBLICAN-JOURNAL office. He has had special charge of the printing of this magazine. He is also taking an electrical engineering course.

Emma Kouns, Cora O. Woodward and Jeane B. Martin are at home.

Carl Johnson is in the employ of the Farmer's National Bank, Salina.

Norman Ludlum is studying preparatory to entering a dental college.

#### CLASS OF '00.

Genevieve Rice has spent her school days in Salina. She will enter



an eastern college, and make a specialty of music.

Earle Wellington has attended the Salina schools exclusively. He expects to take a business course.

Erle Gemmill attended Sparta, Illinois, schools two years and has passed the remainder of his school years at Salina. He will take an electrical engineering course in Kansas State University.

Olga Carlberg has attended the Salina schools with the exception of one year. She intends to enter college.

Marie De Priest was six years a pupil of Le Moyne Institute, a branch of Fiske University, Tenn. She has attended the Salina schools six years, and will teach.

Ola and Cora Sheets have attended Salina schools two years, the time previous having been spent in Brookville. They expect to make special preparations to teach.

Arthur L. Lynn has attended Salina schools exclusively. Will enter Case School of Sciences, and make a special study of drafting and architecture.

John K. Harvey has a clear high school record in attendance and in scholarship ranks second. He will enter the Wesleyan University and expects later to study medicine.

Lena Brown has pursued studies in the Salina high school one term. She has been a pupil of Benkleman, Orleans, and Alma, Nebraska, schools, also Belleville, Kansas. She will teach.

Luella Graves is an exclusive product of the Salina schools. She will study music.

Annie B. Hossack has attended the schools of Great Bend and Salina, and will make a specialty of musical studies.

Lucy Abel in pursuing studies in the Salina schools has walked more than twelve thousand miles. Her standing in scholarship is first in the class. She expects to teach, and complete a university course.

## A TRIBUTE TO THE DEAD MEMBERS OF CO. M, TWENTIETH, KANSAS.

BY ELMER BRICK.

Toll out, ye bells, your last salute  
In music sad and slow,  
Your mournful tones cannot repay  
The debt of love we owe.  
Our heroes, dead, are with us now,  
They bravely met their fate;  
And lie wrapped in Old Glory's folds  
An honor to their State.  
Ten thousand miles o'er land and sea  
Their ashes have been brought,  
To rest beneath the sun-kissed skies  
In the land for which they fought.

Their comrades come to drop a tear  
To hear taps sad refrain,  
And bare their heads for the last time  
To the boys in battle slain.  
The flower, with message to the sun  
Will blossom near their grave,  
And tell in Nature's unknown words,  
The story of the brave.  
As Spartan mothers viewed their sons  
Borne on a bloody shield,  
So comrades with regretful tears  
Their members sadly yield

To mother earth; and sadly friends  
March to their graves, but we  
Must wait. For Gabriel's trumpet call  
Must be their reveille.



# THE CLASS OF 1900.

GENEVIEVE M. RICE	CORA A. SHEETS
ARTHUR L. LYNN	O. OLA SHEETS
OLGA O. CARLBERG	MARIE DePRIEST
E. ERLE GEMMILL	LUELLA GRAVES
ANNA B. HOSSACK	LUCY ABEL
LENA BROWN	JOHN K. HARVEY
EARLE J. WELLINGTON	



## CLASS ORGANIZATION.

PRESIDENT,	-	-	-	-	-	John K. Harvey
SECRETARY,	-	-	-	-	-	Anna B. Hossack
TREASURER,	-	-	-	-	-	E. Erle Gemmill
CLASS ORATOR,	-	-	-	-	-	Olga O. Carlberg
CLASS ARTIST,	-	-	-	-	-	Arthur L. Lynn
CLASS POET,	-	-	-	-	-	Genevieve M. Rice



## CLASS MOTTO.

"Perseverantia Omnia Vincit."



## CLASS YELL.

Naughty-Naught! Naughty-Naught!  
 Clickety-clack, Boom-a-lack-a, Boom-a-lack-a,  
 Bow-wow-wow! Click-a-lack-a lule!  
 Who are we? Class Naughty-Naught,  
 Salina High School!



## CLASS COLORS.

ORANGE AND BLACK.



## EDITORIAL STAFF FOR "ONLY ONCE."

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,	-	-	-	-	Arthur L. Lynn
LITERARY EDITORS,	-	-	-	-	{ Genevieve M. Rice Olga O. Carlberg
BUSINESS MANAGERS,	-	-	-	-	{ E. Erle Gemmill John K. Harvey
ARTISTS,	-	-	-	-	{ Arthur L. Lynn Arthur Day



## ANNOUNCEMENT.

It would be difficult to analyze the motives that prompted the appearance of this Magazine.

To deny cause is now heresy, yet cause in this instance is so airy in shape and light of form as scarce to deserve the dignity of habitation.

The high-school senior is a person *sui generis*. His disappearing days bring a state of conflicting emotions and unsatisfied desires, that must have expression, and the more novel the form and greater the innovation the keener the satisfaction.

Cicero and solid geometry, commencement orations and reviews innumerable do not suffice to hold in abeyance this swelling tide.

The class of 1900 found that in general the field of the novel in senior enterprises had been well cultivated. The route to fame by the way of the magazine had curiously enough been overlooked; and the immortal thirteen of 1900 in serious council assembled fathoming no reason why it should not be a magazine, decided a magazine it should be.

As its name indicates, this Magazine will appear but once. It appeals to a small but chosen circle, and is primarily designed as a souvenir number.

Its ambition is not lofty; it seeks rather the humble mission of restoring for a moment the vanishing pictures of a distinctive period of life, in the hope that the valued elements of these may be touched by memory with indelible colors.

The advertisements furnish the means for publishing the magazine, and are, moreover, an addition of some historical worth, as through them are reflected the thrift, the business enterprise and life of Salina in the year 1900.

The articles are as varied as the classes they represent. Beyond their esoteric quality, and the inestimable privilege of reading these in the light of former years, with a personal interest, with the emotions of boys and girls, thought of value may be found and images worth preserving.



The words but too briefly descriptive of alumni and alumnæ will be noted with interest. In the background much individual history will be read. What a mirror of ambitions, successes, and the tragedies of life are here presented. As we rise from a survey of the whole, however, feelings of pride predominate.

Twenty-two years have elapsed since appeared the class of '78. Time has sufficed for the earlier members to assert themselves. Among these are bright men and women, graduates and post-graduates of the great universities, scientists, business and professional men that would reflect credit upon any school. Former high-school pupils have entrusted to them responsible interests, while Harvard, Cornell, and the Kansas State University have come to our school for instructors.

Beneath the title of the frequent "Mrs." if there is not in association the noise of conflict and the parade of success, there is the picture of the happy home whose ideals are touched by progress and awakened by intelligence, and in the "nice ear of nature" which is the greater?

May some class of the future take up the broken threads of 1900, and as the years of now unwritten history unfold the fruits of time, and round out the lives of our little circle, and complete unfinished, personal and class equations, record in fitting phrase their brief story.





# Porter's Book Store.

**SCHOOL BOOKS,**  
NEW AND SECOND HAND.

STATIONERY,  
WALL PAPER,  
WINDOW SHADES,  
PAINTS, OILS,  
GLASS, PUTTY, ETC.

NEW LOCATION, 128 South  
Santa Fe Avenue.....

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**"If You Can't Get It Anywhere Go To Schwartz's."**

---

## The Seeds of Knowledge and Wisdom

which are being so wisely implanted in the minds of Salina's youths in our schools, insures a rich harvest of good, intelligent men and women. The credit of this result is due the teachers and the solid methods of instruction, to which the latter are best compared to fertile seeds.

## Speaking of Seeds....



reminds us that we, too, have seeds to dispense, not seeds of wisdom, but LANDRETH'S FAMOUS for gardens. For twenty-seven years we have sold this brand in Salina, and our success is due to efforts of our own, but to the freshness and productiveness of these seeds. We carry every variety of vegetable seed adapted to this locality—flower seeds in papers, sweet peas and nasturtiums in bulk.

**J. N. Schwartz & Co.,**

Phone 250.

1 West Iron Avenue.



**Seitz's Eagle  
...Drug Store**

EVERYTHING IN THE  
DRUG LINE—  
FRESH AND NEW.

GIVE US A CALL.

108 South Santa Fe Avenue.



# B. F. Joiner & Co.,

IS THE PLACE TO BUY

LADIES' Tailor-made Suits—Ready-made Skirts—Washable Skirts—Silk Waists—Silk Waist Patterns—Elegant White Waists—Black Silk Capes—Jerseys—Fancy Hose—Novelties in Belts—Girdles—Combs—Fancy Ties—Fine Parasols—Shoes and Slippers—and anything you want in the Dry Goods line,

YOU WILL FIND IT AT

# B. F. Joiner & Co.,

SALINA, KANSAS.

**Mrs. A. L. Getts...**

...FOR

**Stylish Millinery.**



# BURCH & BURCH,

— Attorneys At Law.

PRACTICE IN ALL STATE  
AND FEDERAL COURTS.

Rooms 2, 3, 4, Daily Bld'g.

Salina, Kansas.

## Does Quality Count With You?

Our stock of Everything in the Drug Line is Complete, and the quality, the best obtainable in the Drug markets. IN MEDICINE—QUALITY IS OF FIRST IMPORTANCE, and that is the basis upon which we do business. Also remember that each and every customer is served by a REGISTERED PRACTICAL PHARMACIST. If you get it at Purcell's, it is right.

Cor. Santa Fe and Iron Aves.

Jas. J. Purcell.

JOHN O. WILSON.

CLARENCE WILSON.

WILSON & WILSON  
Attorneys At Law,

105 North Santa Fe Avenue.

— Salina, Kansas.

## PALMER'S OPERA HOUSE PHARMACY.

From Our PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

AN ELEGANT  
ASSORTMENT OF  
FINE STATIONERY.

you will receive Chemicals and Drugs that are  
up to the Pharmacopoeial standard.

— OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.



The Largest and Best  
Select Stock of...



# Spring Merchandise

IN CENTRAL KANSAS  
YOU WILL FIND AT...

The Salina  
Mercantile Co.

City Meat  
Market...

FRESH AND  
SALT  
MEATS.  
FISH AND GAME  
SEASON.

PHONE 81.

A. F. SHUTE,  
Proprietor.

107 North Santa Fe.  
Salina, Kan.

H. T. Harvey,  
...DENTIST...

OFFICE  
OPPOSITE  
POSTOFFICE,  
OVER GATES'  
GROCERY  
STORE.

All Work  
Guaranteed...



Phone 33.



# Drs. Harvey & Crawford,

W. S. HARVEY, Phone 9.

J. R. CRAWFORD, Phone 200.

....OFFICE OVER....

GATES' STORE, OPPOSITE P. O.

Telephone No. 33.

## Ekstrand, The Druggist,

is now established in his New Location, the McDowell-McReynold's Stand, one door North of Farmers National Bank. We have added the E. E. Trower Book and Stationery business to our Drug business and will carry a complete line of School Books, School Supplies, and Fine Stationery. Your trade solicited.

Yours to please,

EKSTRAND, The Druggist.

## THE LEADER...

ESTABLISHED  
1885.

FOR.....



Millinery Wrappers,  
Waists, Skirts, Parasols,  
Muslin Underwear,  
Dressing Sacques, Belts, etc.

Everything in Ladies' Furnishing Goods at  
Reasonable Prices. Good Material and Style.

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SALINA, KANSAS.



# I. H. Gray & Co.

LESLIE C. GRAY, Manager.

Old Library Room, I. O. O. F. Block.

**Insurance** {  
Fire,  
Tornado,  
Hail,  
Plate Glass,  
Accident,  
Employer's Liability.

**...REAL ESTATE, LOANS...**

If you have rental property, let us manage it. Faithful oversight will increase its returns to you.

## J. W. CAMERON, Dentist,

Office in Odd Fellows Building,  
Opposite Postoffice, Salina, Kansas.

Prices for Dental Operations Very Reasonable,  
and Best Work Guaranteed. \*\*\*\*\*

Phone No. 115.

## W. C. FAGER,



Hardware, Stoves, Plumbing,  
Roofing, Spouting  
and Gas Fitting \*\*\*\*\*

SALINA, KANSAS.



NEW SHOES!

NEW STYLES!

....JUST RECEIVED....

A LARGE SHIPMENT  
OF.....

“Up-To-Date” Goods

THAT WILL SURELY INTEREST YOU.

CALL AND SEE THEM.  
SALINA, KANSAS.

— Sherrin Shoe Store.

THE 99c STORE.

WE keep a full line of

Also an elegant line of



LACE and  
BATTENBURG MATERIAL.



LACE and  
EMBROIDERIES.

AT POPULAR PRICES.

WATSON & MYERS, THE 99c — STORE

FURNITURE,

CARPETS and DRAPERIES.



WE HAVE A  
FULL  
LINE OF  
ALL KINDS OF



FURNITURE,  
CARPETS,  
OIL CLOTHS,  
LINOLEUMS,  
DRAPERIES,  
RUGS, Etc.,

And are Constantly adding to the stock.

PRICES  
ALWAYS  
THE LOWEST.

BABY CABS and GO CARTS.

John J. Geis,

SALINA, KANSAS.

NORTH SANTA FE AVENUE.



# C. W. LYNN,

## Abstracter of Titles.

SEVENTEEN YEARS EXPERIENCE IN  
ABSTRACTING. BOND IN THE SUM  
OF \$5,000 FILED AND APPROVED AS  
REQUIRED BY LAW. x x x x x x

## BUY AND SELL REAL ESTATE

WRITE INSURANCE IN APPROVED  
COMPANIES, MONEY TO LOAN ON  
REAL ESTATE, TAXES PAID FOR  
NON-RESIDENTS AND PROPERTY x  
LOOKED AFTER. x x x x x x

Office, Room 12  
Daily Building.

Salina, Kan.

# G. J. & Co.

FOR THE BEST ASSORTED  
AND CHEAP STOCK OF



## Dry Goods

## and Shoes.

We have made every preparation  
to show you the Latest Produc-  
tions in Every Style. \*\*\*\*\*

CALL AND SEE US.



R. E. Lovitt & Co.,

DEALERS IN

...GROCERIES

....AND....



QUEENSWARE

124 North Santa Fe Avenue.

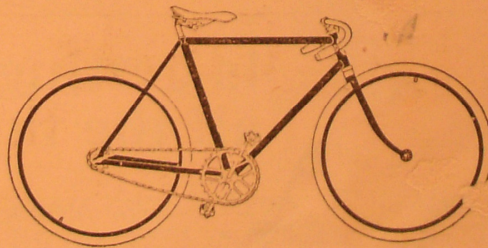
Salina, Kansas.

Why Throw Your Money Away

ON HIGH-PRICED BICYCLES  
WHEN YOU CAN BUY THE NEW

Imperial for \$27.00

Warranted  
as High-Grade  
as any  
Wheel  
Made in  
America.



Sold on  
Installments  
to suit  
the  
Purchaser.

AT WILL'S BOOK STORE.

....CALL AND SEE THEM....



# J. D. Fitzpatrick,

 Real Estate for Sale, Farms,  
City Property....

...Improved and Unimproved.

A GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY,  
EIGHTEEN LEADING COMPANIES,  
LOSSES SETTLED PROMPTLY.

Bonded Abstractor, bond of \$5,000.00 back of every abstract.  
A complete set of books always up to date. Competent men  
in charge. Prices Reasonable.

MONEY TO LOAN ON CITY PROPERTY.








Office at Southeast Corner  
of Santa Fe and 7th Aves.

Salina, Kansas.

Do You Know That

MEHVEN'S  
CANDY  

Is getting better  
all the time?

WE HAVE RECENTLY ADDED MANY  
TODAY FOR... WE ARE NOW GIVING  
SPECIAL ATTENTION TO THE    
MANUFACTURE OF FINE     
CHOCOLATES AND BON-BONS.  

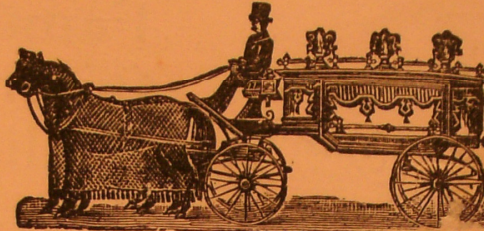
Fancy Boxes Filled While You Wait — Always Fresh!



# WILLIAM BERG,

## UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER,

Twenty-five Years Experience in the Business.  
Graduate of Clark's School of Embalming.



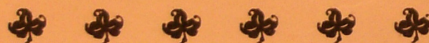
CHAS. W. BERG, ASSISTANT.

We aim to give first class service and to be up-to-date in caring for the dead and directing funerals. Prices Reasonable.

**West Iron Avenue.**

Office Phone, No. 138.

Night Phone, No. 270.



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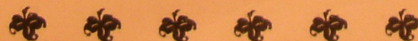
## Bosom Friend

Should Be Treated Well.



Your Linen can not be handled more tenderly or with greater care than at the Salina Steam Laundry.

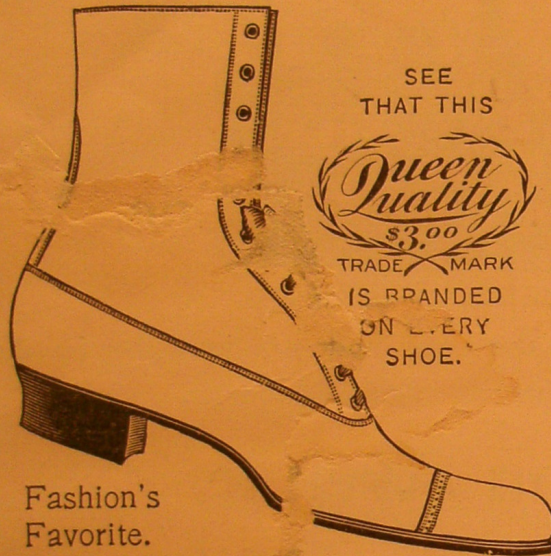
**E. V. TUTTLE,**  
Proprietor.  
SALINA, KANSAS.





# Bulkley's

ARE SOLE AGENTS  
IN SALINA  
FOR THE.....



Fashion's  
Favorite.

Famous  
Queen  
Quality

..SHOES

ALL STYLES

\$3 Oxfords \$2.50

## B. F. Bracken



Furniture, Carpets,  
Cloth, Linoleum,  
Curtains, &c.

We have the LARGEST and BEST  
SELECTED STOCK in Central Kan-  
sas. Prices are always the Lowest.

GIVE US A CALL

113 West Iron Ave.

— SALINA, KAN.



# The C. Eberhardt Lumber Co.

....DEALERS IN

Lumber, Coal, Lime,

Cement, Sewer

Brick, Etc.

'Phone 75.

OFFICE 125 SOUTH FIFTH ST.

## Ladies' Furnishings for Spring of 1900.

Before  
Buying  
This  
Spring  
Look  
Up

### WYNKOOP,

The Ladies' Furnisher.

The Cheapest  
and  
Best Millinery  
and  
Ladies' Furnishings  
in the West.

### BUYING AND SELLING FOR CASH.

The dealer who pays cash has many distinct advantages over his neighbor, who buys on credit. The dealer who sells for cash can sell cheaper than the one who sells on credit. Believing this spring will be the best one Salina has had for many years I have put in the largest and best selected stock of Millinery and Ladies' Furnishings that has ever been brought west of the Missouri River; and being able to pay spot cash for my entire stock, I will be able to sell cheaper than any of my competitors, who buy on time. I carry a full line of Millinery, Tailor-Made Suits of the latest styles, Spring Jackets, Capes, Umbrellas, Parasols. In fact anything usually kept by a first-class Ladies' Furnishing Goods House.

THE ONLY EXCLUSIVE MILLINERY AND LADIES' FURNISHING GOODS HOUSE  
IN SALINA. GIVE US A TRIAL.

## J. H. Wynkoop, Salina, Kansas.

127 SOUTH SANTA FE AVENUE.



# CRAVENS & PRICE

*Established  
1878*

**F**ire and Tornado Insurance,  
12 Fire Companies.  
Life and Accident Insurance,  
Plate Glass, Steam Boiler  
and Employer's  
Liability Insurance.  
All Contracts of Insurance  
written in the most  
Reliable Companies.  
REAL ESTATE, RENTALS  
AND LOANS.

102  
EAST IRON AVE.  
Salina, Kan.

THE  
OLDEST AGENCY  
IN SALINA.



# Lindblom & Bergsten,



## MERCHANT TAILORS.

104 East Iron Ave.

Salina, Kansas.

We have a complete stock of NEW SPRING GOODS, call and select you a new Suit, an Overcoat or a pair of Pants.

## The Student's Store, J. S. GATES'

HE carries a great variety in all Goods suitable to their wants. These Goods are not shoddy, neither are they so high priced to be out of reach of the student. They are substantial, stylish and very low priced.

....ALL STUDENTS ARE WELCOME....

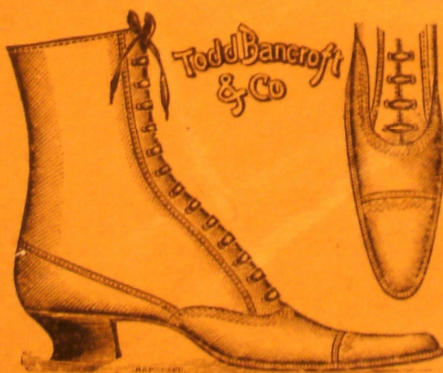
...TO LOOK OVER OUR STOCK OF...

School Supplies,  
Linens,

House Furnishings.  
Ladies' and Gent's Furnishings,

All Kinds of Dry Goods and Millinery,

## SPECIAL PRICES ON GROCERIES FOR CLUBS.



WHEN YOU SEE A....

Dandy Fitting and  
Stylish.....

### PAIR OF SHOES

now in Salina you can bet your last copper and you'll win 9 times out of 10; that they came from HAAS'S. That's the kind we sell; that's the kind you ought to buy. If you have not been getting the best for your money, drop the other fellow long enough to wear a pair of our Shoes, by that time you'll never want to go back. You'll stick to our Shoes every time; there's a mighty good reason for this; supposing, you find out what it is.

**Fred G. Haas, Shoe Hustler,**

Everything in Hosiery and Men's Furnishings.



# Goodness Me!

## It Was the Cat!

Solomon said, in his wrath, "All men are liars." He didn't mean it. He was simply so mad with one man that he included all the rest. It was a plump and healthy misstatement.

We should be careful to take out of our experience the wisdom that is in it—and *stop right there!* Otherwise, we are as stupid as the cat who sat down on a hot stove lid. She will never sit down on a hot stove lid again, and that shows good judgement. *But she will never sit down on a cold one either!*

Now many clothiers act just like cats over shoddy clothing. They won't sit down with shoddy clothing any more, and that shows good judgment. But they say in their wrath, "All men are liars; all clothing is shoddy."

Nonsense! Few things in this world are all good; few are all bad. Evil and good are mixed. He is a wise man who knows how to discriminate between them. If you can't discriminate, at least you can learn by the experience of others.

If you want good clothing, just buy Ober's. It is entirely good. Thousands now enjoy it.

# The Ober Clothing Company.














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